

TIME



Ronald Reagan

Heating Up the G.O.P.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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Filter Kings, 16 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine; Longs, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '75



"These days, you could go broke if you're sued for a broken leg."

Thomas E. Hays, *Independent Insurance Agent
United Agencies, Inc., Los Angeles/Pasadena, California*

Recently there's been a tremendous increase in the size of verdicts awarded in liability cases.

This means your liability coverage may no longer be enough to properly protect you. And if you were sued, you might have to pay part of a verdict yourself.

Independent insurance agents and brokers are insurance professionals who are especially qualified to reevaluate your coverage. They represent many insurance companies, not just one. So they can choose coverages from many insurance companies and can objectively recommend the coverage that best meets your individual needs.

Also remember, an independent agent is a man who's running his own business. And doesn't it make sense that he'll do more to make sure you

get the best coverage? After all, without your business he's out of business.

So speak to an independent insurance agent or broker in your community and make sure you have the insurance you need to keep yourself fully protected. It may cost you a little more now, but it could save you a lot more later.

INDUSTRIAL INDEMNITY
one of the
CRUM & FORSTER
INSURANCE COMPANIES
THE POLICY MAKERS.



MICHAEL STAFF
AJEMIAN (RIGHT) INTERVIEWING REAGAN ABOARD CAMPAIGN PLANE

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Our national political correspondent, Robert Ajemian, got his first up-close look at the special tensions and frustrations of presidential campaigning when he covered Dwight Eisenhower's drive for the White House in 1952. He recalls one occasion when an exhausted Ike roundly chewed out some of his aides on a Manhattan street after fumbling an important speech because of a glitch in a TelePromTer machine. Having witnessed similar episodes in other campaigns—as correspondent, political editor and later assistant managing editor at LIFE, Ajemian confesses: "I admire politicians enormously. They are the best of the survivalists. They get battered and second-guessed and in the process develop this marvelous psychological armor. It is fascinating when they allow you to look behind it."

Ajemian is already deep into his seventh presidential season. For this week's cover story on Ronald Reagan's reach for the Republican nomination, which was written by Associate Editor Frank Merrick, Ajemian interviewed the candidate himself, while Correspondents John Austin, Jess Cook and Roland Flaminli talked to Reagan's aides, friends and political adversaries. For Ajemian's personal assessment of Reagan's potential as a survivalist, see page 20.

Was it really Lee Harvey Oswald, acting alone, who shot down John F. Kennedy in Dallas on Nov. 22, 1963? Twelve years later, doubts about the assassination stubbornly persist. A five-page story in the Nation section this week re-examines the evidence, which still persuasively supports the Warren Commission findings. Senior Writer Ed Magnuson and Reporter-Researchers Marta Dorion and Patricia Gordon spent many weeks reviewing the Warren Report, examining blowups of the Zapruder film and talking with ballistics and medical experts. Magnuson also drew on interviews by TIME correspondents with various experts and assassination theorists round the country. In Washington, Correspondent Hays Gorye sat down with Edward Kennedy for a rare conversation with the Senator on his own view of the tragedy in Dallas.

Ralph P. Davidson

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- 40 MPG highway

- 28 MPG city - EPA

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Prices start at \$2899*.

2-Seat Scooter (shown)	\$2899*
Chevette Coupe (not shown)	\$3098*
The Sport (not shown)	\$3175*
The Rally (not shown)	\$3349*
The Woody (not shown)	\$3404*



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*Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price including dealer new vehicle preparation charge. Destination charge, available equipment, state and local taxes are additional.

†Not including dealer new vehicle preparation charge additional on VW Rabbit.

††Based on a comparison of Manufacturers' Suggested Retail Prices.

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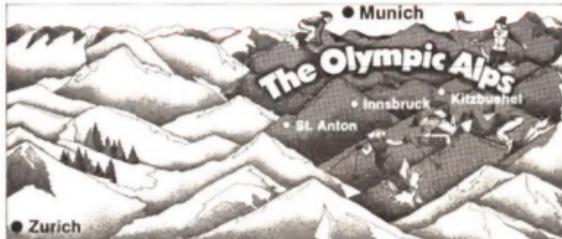
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(146)

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The Once and Future Spain

To the Editors:

I am a son and brother of Spaniards put to death by firing squad in 1936. I am for political change in Spain [Nov. 3], but I tremble at the thought. No government of any kind will give Spain the peace and prosperity she has had under Franco. I and many Spaniards like me love the man.

(The Rev.) *Félix Alarcón*
Brentwood, N.Y.

The Spanish Civil War of 1936-39 was not a dress rehearsal for World War II. The war was the result of the unresolved social problems that have plagued Spain for many centuries. The

jority vote indicated one of the most important changes in the modern history of Spain.

George Seldes
Windsor, Vt.

I do not know Prince Juan Carlos. I did have the honored opportunity to be on intimate terms with his late grandmother, Victoria Eugenie, the last Queen of Spain. If he has inherited even a few of Her Majesty's splendid characteristics, then he surely will succeed.

Richard Williams
Manteno, Ill.

You keep talking about the "pressures for change" coming from dissatisfied students, the Roman Catholic Church and the Spanish Communist Party. None of these groups represents Spain.

The factions that really represent about 99% of the Spanish population spread from center to right, whether Europe likes it or not. The price of avoiding leftist paradise was paid in human blood in 1936.

Justino de Paz Balmaseda
Madrid

Who Killed Kennedy?

I see that the FBI is badly shaken by the Oswald cover-up that failed [Nov. 3]. How do we find out who else covered up important information about the J.F.K. assassination unless we reopen the investigation into the assassination? Why should we have to wait until A.D. 2039 for the answers? Or is this FBI confession another red herring to divert our attention once more from the truth?

Arthur K. Gibson
Grand Rapids

pueblo of Spain was trying to break with the parasitic and feudal control exercised by the church, the military *caudillos* and the landowning bourgeoisie. Since the Republic represented a threat to their existence, the plot for the destruction of Spanish democracy was hatched in April of 1931. Franco had joined the right-wing monarchist plot against the Republic as far back as the summer of '34.

Luis Fernando Matiz
Boca Raton, Fla.

Excellent reporting on Spain. I would like to add one correction. Your report says the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church "last spring ... endorsed freedom of assembly and speech." The facts are:

In 1971, and again confirming them in 1972, 1973 and 1974, at episcopal conferences the majority of the bishops attending voted for a resolution confessing that the church had sinned in the 1936-39 war by supporting the wrong side—which was of course the Franco side. The resolution was approved by a majority, but since a two-thirds vote was required, did not pass. However, the ma-

The assassination of John F. Kennedy is more of a mystery today than it appeared to be almost twelve years ago, due primarily to an intransigent Warren Commission, obfuscating police agencies and a too compliant press. Your article is an important and honorable exception. Several steps ahead of the FBI oversight committee of the House of Representatives, you provide proof that the FBI decided to deceive the Warren Commission and easily accomplished that objective.

Mark Lane, Director
Citizens Commission of Inquiry
Washington, D.C.

Reagan's Brain

TIME displayed uncharacteristic gaucherie when it printed a gratuitous insult to Ronald Reagan: "...some Re-

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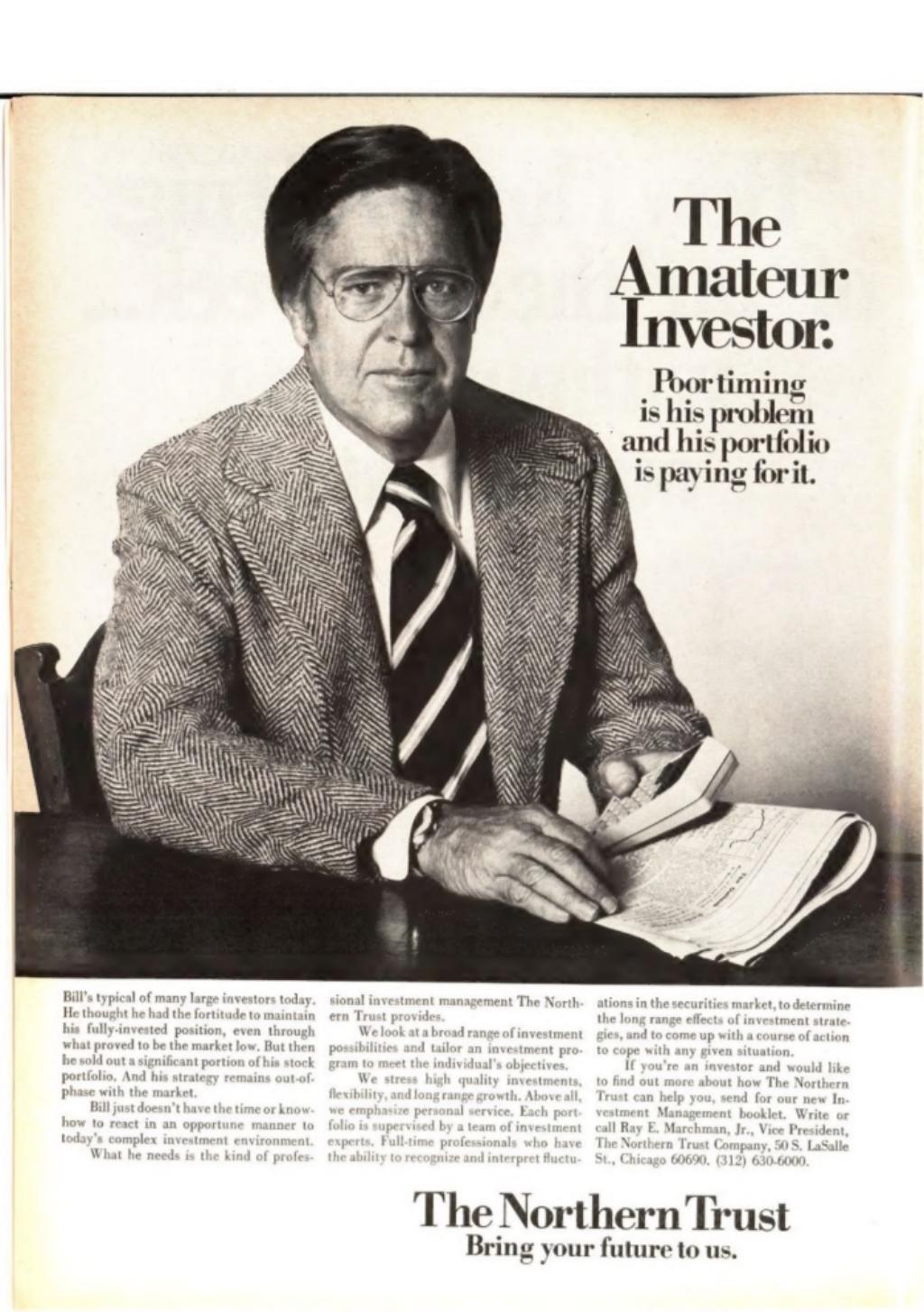
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The best ideas are the ideas that help people

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publicans question whether he has the intellectual capacity to serve as President." Who, might we inquire, has recently demonstrated more intellectual capacity? Nixon? Johnson? Ford?

Robert McQueen
Sparks, Nev.

Oil That Will Not Wash

The vote of the United Nations General Assembly's Social Committee [Oct. 27] equating Zionism with racism is a sickening example of how ideals and principles are bartered for profit. There is nothing in Zionism that hints at racism. To the contrary, many non-Jews, blacks among them, are ardent Zionists. It is the Arabs who call blacks *sheed*, which means slaves. It is the Arabs who encouraged the pogrom that killed my cousin and hundreds of other Iraqi Jews, and all the oil in the world will not wash that fact away.

Heskel M. Haddad, M.D.
New York City

Not all thoughtful Jews accept the idea that anti-Zionism equals anti-Semitism. Some of us feel personally threatened by Zionism and by what we consider to be the backward, tribal, undemocratic, indisputable objective of political Zionism—the ingathering of all Jews into the state of Israel.

Theodore J. Numan
Houston

The Feminist Why

Your reporting of testing [Oct. 27], which shows achievement of males to be higher than that of females, follows the media line of repeating in detail the what of the research, but neglects research that would explain the why.

Feminist writers have researched the why of the female condition. The conclusion is that we are all (male and female) trained to be what we are.

Gwen S. Baker
Williams, Ariz.

If the results of these tests are valid, the only thing they indicate to me is that the cultural forces that serve to create mindless sex objects out of 51% of the population are strong, yes, very strong indeed.

Dorothy L. Olaechea
Santa Rosa, Calif.

It is time that teachers and parents help girls learn that it is not "unfeminine" to excel in mathematics and that the only husband worth having is one mature enough to live with his equal.

Carol A. Broman
Lincoln, Neb.

Let Live, or Die

In regard to the Quinlan case [Nov. 3] if the courts were to find in favor of the parents, a Pandora's box would be



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opened. If the courts were to judge that an act of omission by a physician in not prolonging life is homicide, then every patient who dies could become the basis of legal action against the physician. Such a decision would virtually paralyze the practice of medicine.

*Kenneth C. Chessick, M.D.
Inverness, Fla.*

How can a Catholic priest, who would vehemently oppose an abortion regardless of circumstances, now favor the removal of a life because of extraordinary circumstances?

*Harvey Kulawitz
Philadelphia*

You misread or misinterpret the Christian view of death in saying that "death is a dread enemy to Christians."

The death which Christians hold in dread is not the death of the body but the death of the soul.

*Ralph E. Murphy
Norwalk, Conn.*

Why must our peculiar social and judicial mores be so certain death is a bad step?

*Judy Baker
Attleboro, Mass.*

Loathing, Loving New York

While Jerry Ford is lecturing the New Yorkers [Nov. 10] for doing what he does so well—operating at a huge deficit—he might get his Immigration Service busy rounding up the million illegal immigrants in the metropolitan area who are taking jobs those on welfare could have.

*Clifford B. O'Hara
Riverside, Conn.*

I think President Ford's stand has a lot of merit.

We overtaxed upstaters wish we could find someone to give the city to like Connecticut or New Jersey.

*(Mrs.) Caroline M. Herrold
Syracuse*

The only fault I can find with New York City is that her heart was too big. I love her.

*Rudolph Dioruk
Fort Worth*

Bruce Ascendant

I am a victim of the hype of Bruce Springsteen [Oct. 27] and I make no bones about it. Now it's all I live for.

*Jacob Rosen
Chicago*

Postpubescent pap

*Weldon Shea Monsport
Boonton, N.J.*

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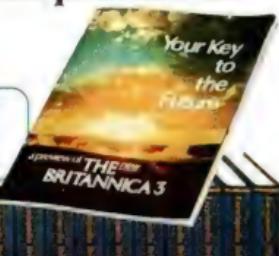
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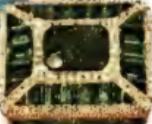
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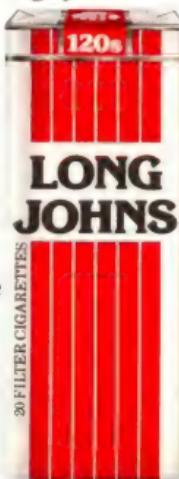
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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

The Right to Cut

Can "right-wing" opinion—or left-wing for that matter—logically be more than 50% of all opinion? Gerald Ford is often accused of right-wingism for his attacks on Government spending, and of course Ronald Reagan is rated even farther right on that issue. Now, however, the Gallup poll has come along with a finding that 57% of registered voters would support candidates who promise a 5% reduction each year for the next four years in the number of federal employees. Further, 67% favored Ford's plan for matching cuts in federal spending and federal taxes. Earlier in the month, not in a poll but in real elections, voters turned down a staggering 93% of all the bond issues on ballots all over the country.

Keeping Cities Sound

The plight of New York could give cities a bad name. To avoid that kind of guilt by association, the justly proud city of Wichita has launched a hard-to-crash National Alliance of Financially Responsible Local Governments. Membership standards require that a city actually collect money before it is counted as revenue, indulge in no long-term debt to finance current operating and maintenance expenses, and, of course, have its budget in the black. The group's purpose is to see that all the members keep on measuring up, and not incidentally, to have another selling point in marketing their municipal bonds. Among the cities represented at last week's inaugural meeting in Wichita were Sacramento, Indianapolis, Cedar Rapids, St. Paul, Albuquerque and Dallas. There are, of course, many other eligibles.

The Needle That Worked

To two generations of Americans, smallpox has been a minor inconvenience: you had to be vaccinated before traveling abroad. To people in Asia and Africa, it has been a scourge. As recently as 1967, it was endemic in 30 countries and claimed an estimated 2.5 million victims. Now, in one of those major human victories that get too little notice, Donald Henderson, the Cleveland-born doctor who heads the World Health Organization's campaign against smallpox, has announced that "we will wipe out the disease within three or four months." No cases have been detected in Asia in two months: the world's last

known pocket of smallpox is in a remote area of Ethiopia, and there too it will soon be stamped out. The victory was won by massive vaccinations, which may become a thing of the past.

Getaway Cars

Kidnapping has become so common in so many parts of the world that diplomats and businessmen are beginning to take some novel defensive measures. Last week in Washington, the first four U.S. Government employees (nobody will say what agency they work for) "graduated" from the private Academy of Defensive Driving, joining previous trainees from Ghana, Guatemala, Mexico and the Philippines. In a week of schooling they were taught a number of evasive tactics that had been developed, in racier days, by whisky runners and bank heisters. The curriculum consisted of running a roadblock and executing a "bootleg turn," an intricate maneuver of locking on the emergency brake while spinning the steering wheel to execute a 180° turn within a two-lane road. The bootleg is not recommended for amateurs, but it may be one way for the skilled driver to get away from kidnappers or terrorists. Or at least prolonging the chase.

Upward Mobility

Scientists have long admired the cockroach as a durable creature that (given man's folly) could some day inherit the earth. Now there are signs that roaches want some of the better things right away. They were found last week in the kitchens of Manhattan's genteel Union League Club, according to inspectors from the New York City Health Department. Nor was this their first surge of upward mobility. Other clubs and expensive restaurants have been cited. By week's end, happily, the inspectors had given the Union League the all-clear.

Owe? No!

Look who's defaulting now—the U.S. Army. It has just been discovered that from 1970 to 1973, the Army spent about \$165 million that it didn't have. So payments to some 900 contractors, mainly electronics suppliers, have been stopped, and they may have to wait up to 18 months to collect. Perhaps some of them are former G.I.s, who will not be overly surprised that the Army, even computerized, or maybe especially computerized, can become confused.



THE REAGANS AT HOME IN PACIFIC PALISADES

REPUBLICANS/COVER STORY

THE STAR

"I finally figured out this politics," Ronald Reagan once confided to an associate. "It's like show business. You start with a big opening act, coast, and close with a great crescendo." For the conservative Republican star, the opening act is scheduled to begin at 9:30 a.m. this Thursday in the barnlike ballroom of the National Press Club in Washington, D.C., with a four-minute announcement of his candidacy for President. He plans to say that the country has lost its direction and the people sense a need for fundamental changes. Next, the script calls for Reagan and wife Nancy to make quick campaign visits to four cities in states that have crucially important early primaries—Miami, Manchester, N.H., Charlotte, N.C., and Chicago—before returning on Friday to Burbank, Calif., where advance men will have mobilized a large welcoming crowd. Then Reagan will ease up on his public politicking and coast a bit until January, when he intends to begin an all-out campaign in hopes of knocking President Gerald Ford out of the race by late spring.

In another election year, an insurgent's challenge to his party's incumbent President would be politically suicidal, or at best quixotic. But 1976 will be anything but a typical political year. Disturbed by inflation, unemployment, crime and the sprawl of Big Government, Americans seem to be growing more conservative. Much of their dissatisfaction is focused on the politicians in Washington. Ford has been weakened further by his bumbling Cabinet shake-up of two weeks ago, his fumbling performance on the hustings and the disarray in his campaign organization. The beneficiary is Reagan, who, despite his



MAKING A POLITICAL POINT BEFORE THE BRENTWOOD JUNIOR LEAGUE IN LOS ANGELES



ON PLANE HEADING FOR SPEECH IN TEXAS

SHAKES UP THE PARTY

PHOTO BY JAMES L. BURGESS
a lot of relaxing at his 620-acre ranch near Santa Barbara, grooming his two thoroughbred horses, remodeling his adobe ranch house, and acting the part of a disinterested citizen awaiting a summons to national service. The stance was half performance, half genuine, but it also served the practical purposes of generating drama and allowing him to earn money. Since leaving the Governor's office in January, he has written a weekly column published in more than 200 newspapers, recorded daily five-minute radio talks broadcast by about 200 stations, and made more than a hundred speeches to Republican audiences for fees of up to \$5,000 plus expenses. In all, he grossed about \$1 million from those activities, a nice raise from his \$49,100 salary as Governor.

At 64, Reagan is remarkably youthful, though his age might be a minor campaign issue (Ford is 62), and some associates question whether he has the endurance to campaign full tilt for months on end (see box page 20). But the famous Reagan grin remains boyish. The voice is strong, the delivery is sincere, fluid and as effortlessly polished as the apples habitually ordered for his hotel suites. The aura of glamour and the ability to command attention never fail. When he spoke recently at Islip, L.I., says Suffolk County Republican Chairman Ed Schwenk, "we had a tremendous turnout, and after the speech people hung around just watching him. It was a bigger reaction than Nixon or Agnew ever got here."



CAMPAINING IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

years in the public eye as a Hollywood actor and California Governor, is viewed as a fresh face in presidential politics because he cannot be identified with the problems in Washington. Professionals in both parties give him an outside chance of carrying off the nomination at the G.O.P.'s convention in Kansas City, Mo., in August.

The Californian held off on his campaign announcement for months. He did

First the veteran stage and stump performer warms up an audience by slipping into a slight brogue to tell some Pat and Mike stories. Then he brings home his message: lower taxes, less government and a return to old-fashioned self-reliance—what Reagan calls "a program of creative federalism for America's third century." The rhetoric is often bombastic. Sample: "Today the Gordian knot is in Washington. But this is a republic, and we have no king to cut it, only we the people, and our sword has been beaten into ballot boxes."

His chief asset is the diehard backing of a solid core of dedicated conservative loyalists. Whereas Ford's support in the party is often called broad but shallow, Reagan's is narrow but deep. His strategy is to mobilize his supporters in two early primary states where his appeal is strong: New Hampshire (Feb. 24) and Florida (March 9). He hopes that an impressive showing in either state will create enough momentum to carry him to victory in some of the other early primaries: Illinois (March 16), North Carolina (March 23) and New York and Wisconsin (both on April 6). At that point, explains Campaign Director John Sears, "we would expect to start cutting heavily into Ford's support. We think that a lot of those people would be persuaded to vote for Reagan in the later primaries." Among them: Michigan (May 18) and Oregon (May 25).

In New Hampshire, the Reagan team by January 1974 had won the expected support of conservative Governor Meldrim Thomson and far-right Newspaper Publisher William Loeb, so it then signed on a moderate former Governor Hugh Gregg, as campaign manager. Political analysts believe that about 40% of the state's Republicans, most of them conservatives, now back Reagan. Even so, the plodding Ford organization has yet to show any sense of urgency. Congressman



James Cleveland will not return until this week from a five-week vacation trip to the Far East to assume his duties as Ford's campaign chairman.

In Florida, Ford's campaign, headed by Congressman Lou Frey, is somewhat better organized than Reagan's. Still, Reagan stands a good chance in the primary; his workers, led by former State G.O.P. Chairman Luther E. Thomas, a wealthy auto dealer from Panama City, talk of winning 65% of the vote.

Reagan has budding campaign organizations in the other early-primary states, like Illinois and North Carolina, and a big effort back home in California (where the vote will be on June 8, last day of the primary campaign). In a majority of the other states, however, organizing has not yet begun. At this early stage, most experts rate Ford ahead in all states but those with large concentrations of conservative voters, notably Arizona, Idaho, Indiana, Kansas, Nevada and Oklahoma. Nationwide, a Gallup poll of 339 Republicans found Ford ahead of Reagan, 58% to 36%. But that poll was taken just before Ford's Cabinet shake-up, and the situation could easily change. Indeed, an NBC telephone poll of 245 Republicans just after the shake-up gave Reagan 44%, Ford 43%. Says a top Midwestern Republican who bucks Ford: "Reagan's attracting the same crowd that backed Barry Goldwater. The minute he announces, they're going to pop out of the woodwork. They run for delegate slots, are very vocal and will churn everything up."

With Reagan on the offensive, Ford has thus far failed to develop a successful counterstrategy. He has veered to the right, including vetoing the school-lunch bill and calling for cutbacks in a variety of social programs, only to disenchanted moderate Republicans. He has campaigned across the country, championing the themes of fiscal integrity, a strong national defense and the evils of Big Government, yet has not excited the public. He permitted, and probably encouraged, Nelson Rockefeller to withdraw in 1976, but still did not appease conservatives. Says one of his political advisers: "The people in the Ford cam-

paign seem reasonably confident. But I sense panic on the part of Ford's supporters on Capitol Hill. They're very discouraged and depressed. They're afraid that Reagan at the head of the ticket would take them all down to defeat, and they think it may already be too late for Ford to recover."

Ford's advisers are counting on Stuart Spencer, who recently signed on as the campaign's political director, to build up some steam. Spencer was largely responsible for putting together Reagan's successful gubernatorial campaign in 1966, and he plans to use similar techniques for Ford. To help develop ideas for the President's State of the Union message in January, which will amount to his campaign platform, Spencer has hired Market Opinion Research of Detroit to identify Ford's constituency and define the issues that appeal to it.

What seems to be the President's chief difficulty, however, is the blandness of his personality and campaigning style, a serious handicap in a race with Reagan, who provokes an emotional reaction that probably wins him as many converts as do his views. Indeed, both candidates share similar basic philosophies, though Ford has more freedom to maneuver; he can broaden his appeal to moderates if he chooses. Says former Minnesota Governor Harold LeVander: "Reagan and Ford are like two peas in a pod. They may see themselves differently, but here in Minnesota, we see them both as rock-ribbed Republicans."

Ronald Wilson Reagan's conservatism reflects his *Main Street* origins. Son of a shoe salesman, he was reared in a succession of small Illinois towns: Tam-pico, where he was born on Feb. 6, 1911, Galesburg, Monmouth and Dixon. As a freshman at 250-student Eureka College, a Disciples of Christ school, he was one of the leaders of a week-long student strike that forced college officials to rescind cuts in the educational program and loosen puritanical rules that forbade smoking, drinking and dancing. An indifferent student, he concentrated on debating, dramatics and football

says a teammate: "He got his face shoved in the mud and got pushed around, but he seemed to like it."

After graduating in 1932, he took a series of jobs, eventually becoming a sportscaster at radio station WHO in Des Moines. He was a superb announcer of major league baseball games. Guided by only the sketchy summaries from ball-parks, Reagan would fashion a gripping and imaginative narrative for his listeners. But his goal was always Hollywood. In 1937, while accompanying the Chicago Cubs to spring training in California, he wrangled a screen test at Warner Bros. and landed a \$200-a-week contract. His good looks and fine physique also led University of Southern California art students to select him as a "20th Century Adonis," and he posed for the school's sculpture class in 1940.

He made 50 movies and his salary reached \$3,500 a week, but Reagan never achieved first rank as an actor or star. "I became the Errol Flynn of the B's," he says. He also appeared in several A-quality productions, though never in a lead part. Some typical roles: admirer of a dying Bette Davis in *Dark Victory* (1939), suitor to Shirley Temple in *That Hagan Girl* (1947) and a scientist who played second banana to a chimpanzee in *Bedtime for Bonzo* (1951). Two roles won him acclaim: George Gipp, the doomed halfback of *Knute Rockne, All American* (1940), and Drake McHugh, the playboy whose legs are amputated needlessly by a sadistic doctor in *King's Row* (1941). As McHugh wakes from anesthesia, he speaks the line that became the title of Reagan's 1965 autobiography, *Where's the Rest of Me?*

Reagan always had a casual interest in politics, but he did not become actively involved until his film career began declining after World War II. He regards himself as a reformed "hemophiliac liberal." Indeed as late as 1950 he campaigned for Democrat Helen Gahagan Douglas against Richard Nixon in their bitter Senate race. It seems likely, however, that in Reagan's early years, his political opinions were less his own than a reflection of those held by the people around him: his father, who



was a New Deal Democrat, and the liberal men and women of Hollywood.

After World War II, Reagan evolved into a conservative. By his own account, the change was triggered by his wartime contacts with self-serving Government bureaucrats and the postwar activities of Communists and fellow travelers in Hollywood. Elected in 1947 to the first of six terms as president of the Screen Actors Guild, he blocked attempts by suspected Communists to take over other film-industry unions. Later he testified willingly during the widely publicized House Committee on Un-American Activities investigation of Hollywood. His testimony was rather evenhanded; he argued that the Communist Party should not be outlawed unless it was proved to be "an agent of a foreign power or in any way not a legitimate political party", but he supported the studios' blacklist of supposed Communists and sympathizers.

This absorption in politics was one reason for the breakup of his eight-year marriage to Jane Wyman. As the story goes, she was so turned off by his pedantic political analyses at the breakfast table that she walked out in 1948 with their two children, Maureen, now 34, and Michael, 30. Four years later he married a former starlet who shared his political convictions: Nancy Davis, daughter of a wealthy Chicago neurosurgeon. They have two children, Patricia, 22, an aspiring singer, and Ronald Prescott, 17, a student at a private boys' school.

His movie career almost at an end, Reagan turned to TV in 1954 and became host for the weekly *General Electric Theater*. He also toured the country as G.E.'s representative, spreading management's goodwill to employees at each of the company's 135 plants. He soon became a favorite speaker at Republican dinners and rallies and in 1964 was named co-chairman of California Citizens for Barry Goldwater.

During that campaign, Reagan made an emotional TV speech denouncing Big Government, foreign aid, wel-

fare, urban renewal and taxes. He electrified conservative Republicans; after Goldwater's defeat, many looked on Reagan as their spiritual leader. Three California millionaires—Auto Dealer Holmes Tuttle, Industrialist Henry Salvatori and the late Oilman A.C. Rubel—persuaded Reagan to run for Governor in 1966. (Tuttle remains a close friend and adviser; Salvatori went over to Ford last summer.)

In that first election, Reagan beat Incumbent Edmund G. ("Pat") Brown with nearly 57% of the 6.5 million votes cast and won a surprisingly high one-fourth of the Democratic vote. Declaring that "there are simple answers," he took office in 1967 with a promise to reduce

ministration, state spending doubled, to \$9.3 billion, and state taxes per capita jumped to \$768 from \$426; both increases were at about the same rate as those during Democrat Pat Brown's eight-year administration, which Reagan had attacked as spendthrift. Still, Reagan held state employment to about 116,000, an increase of less than 10%, compared with the 75% increase of Brown's years. Moreover, Reagan substantially raised state aid to schools and other local services. Unquestionably, he left California's state government on a sounder fiscal footing than he found it when he came to office. In contrast to the \$194 million deficit he inherited from Edmund G. Brown Sr., Reagan bequeathed a \$500 million surplus to his successor, Edmund G. Brown Jr.

Reagan's most notable success was a 70-point welfare reform program adopted in 1971. Among other things, eligibility rules were tightened, benefits for people with jobs were reduced, and fraud was prosecuted more vigorously. In addition, able-bodied recipients were required to take job training courses or work without pay at least four hours a day for their communities—cleaning up parks, directing traffic near schools and the like. To make the reforms more palatable to Democrats, Reagan agreed to increase benefits for those still on welfare by an average of 15%. In the first two years, the reforms cut the welfare rolls by about 220,000, to 2.1 million people; costs were cut by about \$1 billion.

Outraged by student protesters and radical movements, Reagan once accused California's public universities of

THEY • PRICE TAG • ALL GOODS •
• SVCS. PRODUCED YR. WE ARE
GROWING • SIZE • PROSPERITY SHLD
GO UP EVERY YR. BUT CN ALSO
GO UP IF DONT PRODUCE 1 OUNCE
MR. • JUST RS. • PRICE. SJ ABOUT
• INCRS. GNP. LST SEVRL YRS.
BN JUST THAT - HOT AIR INFLUS. PM
ACTUALLY REAL RATE INCRS NOT
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UP DEMAND. T BECAUSE SCORING
WAGES • COSTS • BLDG TROS. • HIGH
INT RATES (CAUSED BY INFLAT) NEW

NOTES FOR A REAGAN SPEECH

state spending by 10%, cut welfare, curtail the growth of state government and crack down on student protesters. He turned out to be more pragmatic than his rhetoric suggested, in part because he had to compromise with a Democratic legislature. He managed to limit, but not reverse, the growth of state government; he boasts of vetoing 194 items of legislation that would have cost Californians billions of dollars. But many liberals share the view of Dean McHenry, chancellor emeritus of the University of California at Santa Cruz, that "his bark proved worse than his bite." Even Jesse ("Big Daddy") Unruh, a longtime foe who was the defeated Democratic candidate for Governor in 1970, grudgingly admits, "As a Governor, Reagan was better than most Democrats would concede, though not nearly as good as most Republicans like to think."

Partly because of inflation during Reagan's eight-year ad-



CHATTING WITH FORD IN WASHINGTON (1974)
"There are simple answers."

THE NATION

"subsidizing intellectual curiosity." In his first year in office, he cut the university system's proposed budget by 17%. After campus disorders died down, however, Reagan cooled off as well. By the time he left office, the state's higher-education budget had actually increased by 100%. Some educators contend that the quality of the state university system declined somewhat during the Rea-

gan years. But Brown wants to hold the campuses to "a more austere standard of living" that university officials fear may jeopardize the system. Says McHenry: "In retrospect, a lot of people think that Reagan wasn't so bad. At least he did not question the fundamental role of the university as Brown is doing."

As Governor, Reagan brought a new

style to Sacramento, which had grown accustomed to the backslapping ways of politicians like Democrats Pat Brown and Unruh. An intensely private man, Reagan stayed aloof from everyone in the state government except his closest aides. Even they found him to be reserved. Says former Press Secretary Ed Gray: "The staff was never buddy-buddy with him. He always maintained

Does He Really Want It?

There are some fascinating contradictions in Ronald Reagan's attitudes toward the biggest political prize. After traveling with him across the country for a week, TIME National Political Correspondent Robert Ajemian reported:

Hair. That thick, dark brown hair Its youthful luster is the unmistakable badge of Ronald Reagan—no matter that the face under it is a weathered and suitable 64. Together, the face and hair form an extraordinary contradiction, and reporters are so fascinated by it that some of them have slipped into Reagan's barbershop, gathered the leavings off the floor and lab-tested them. No dye showed up, but the reporters remain skeptical.

That's the way it is with Ronald Reagan: you are never really sure. He flies around the country looking eager for the presidency; but he describes himself as reluctant. His speeches sound combative but he shuns open fights. He has no great appetite for politics but this week he will announce for President.

At a distance he sounds fierce. As California's Governor, his offhand statements rocketed around the country: if it takes a bloodbath to end the campus riots, he challenged California students, let's get it over with now; he ignored the facts and ridiculed Cesar Chavez, the farm union leader, as the only man he knew who gained weight during a hunger strike.

Behind all of that Reagan is quite different. Instead of fierceness there is a sort of mildness. He has the earnestness and good manners of another era. He speaks modestly about himself. The ardor of the man obsessed with a cause is not evident. "Reagan is both too fatalistic and too modest to be a crusader," says his friend William F. Buckley Jr. "He doesn't have that darkness around the eyes of a George McGovern."

One of his former close advisers says perhaps there is an emptiness in Reagan's leadership. "I never ever saw him initiate an order on his own," claims this

adviser. "That's what made Reagan so easy for us to program. Candidates usually have their own strategies. Not Ron. He depended totally on others for ideas." The adviser's candor overcomes his admiration for Reagan, and he adds: "The question then is who owns the body? The public must know whose ideas they are. If he becomes President, it is a terribly important question—who's running the country?"

Reagan seldom looks or acts politically hungry. When a group of his former staffers and appointees got together last month for a lunch, some expected him to solicit their help. He never men-

says, "I really miss the sky and hills of the West." But a national campaign will offer little chance for quiet replenishment at home. Sitting around at 2 a.m. with pushy delegates and stale coffee is hard work. That may be a problem for Reagan, says one of his advance men: "You can't schedule him too hard. And he runs down if he doesn't get those eight hours' sleep." How then did Reagan win the governorship twice without exhaustive efforts? The answer: His two opponents, Pat Brown and Jesse Unruh, were easy setups for him, and it was the staff that burned the midnight oil. An adviser who helped direct Reagan's 1968 presidential fling says: "Things have come pretty easy for the Governor. Really, he's never been tested hard."

MICHAEL EVANS



REAGAN WORKING IN THE OFFICE OF HIS PACIFIC PALISADES HOME

tioned the subject. Recently, while his staff was quarreling about whether he should appear at a meeting of California county chairmen, Reagan excused himself and told them to decide. "He leaves the political grind to others," says a former staffer. Reagan dodges unpleasant scenes. Recalls a one-time advance man: "The maddest I've ever seen Ron get was to wave a pencil, and that happened only when we cut into his family time." Some members of Reagan's family too resent the political intrusion. Last week Daughter Maureen said that she opposes his candidacy "after eight years of having to make phone calls to arrange appointments to speak to my own father."

Reagan, for his part, is not comfortable away from home. "When I get into those cities and banquets and hotels," he

Reagan holds that the American way of life is at a historic brink and the nation needs a leader who can demand sacrifice. His followers and friends tell him furiously his is the only missionary voice that can make it happen. He has come to believe them, reluctantly. Heading back home by plane a couple of weeks ago he sounded quite unlike a missionary: "I'd be much happier if someone else were in this position besides me." Why, then, is he running? He describes it simply as paying his dues. "This way of life doesn't come cheaply," he says. "You have to pay something back."

Some scoff at Reagan's preachments and see him instead as a man who grew comfortable with the trappings of power. But his is a consistent theme: he speaks of being moved by a sense of duty rather than a sense of personal destiny. An old western movie sticks in his mind these days. Reagan says, an episode from a book by James Warner Bellah. The fort is under attack by Apaches: the colonel is dying, the young captain is standing by. The colonel—in the sort of role Reagan was always too fresh-faced to play—tells the captain this may be the only time he will face such circumstances, and to rise to them. Fate, the way Reagan views it, now has put him in a similar position. He is in a tough spot not of his own choosing. But as long as he is there, he must look into the guns.

We built this Cutlass S for Jim Cramer, who wanted a car that would turn some heads. Preferably blonde.

Brunette or redhead will also do. And there's little question that the 1976 Cutlass S is going to get attention. Oldsmobile set out to create an exciting new standard in mid-size styling. The Cutlass S has a redesigned front end and re-shaped sides . . . changes that give this fastback a sleek new look.

Looks aren't all that's new or exciting about the 1976 Cutlass S. Jim ordered his "S" with a 260 V8 and a 5-speed overdrive transmission that's available this year. Now Jim gets that sports-car feel when he wants it, and mid-size comfort when he needs it.

At a very reasonable price, we built Jim Cramer a sleek, sporty Olds Cutlass S. With it comes the good feeling of having an Olds around him—and a lot of attention.



1976 CUTLASS S

Oldsmobile

Can we build one for you?

With all the
talk about smoking
I decided I'd
either quit
or smoke
True.



I smoke
True.



King Regular: 11 mg. "tar", 1.6 mg. nicotine, 100% Regular. 13 mg.
nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report April '78.

Warning The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

The low tar, low nicotine cigarette. Think about it.

an employer-employee relationship."

While his staff often worked 16-hour days, Reagan usually started work at 9 a.m. and left for home promptly at 5:30 p.m. with a briefcase of homework. Recalls William Clark, who was Reagan's top aide: "He would often break into staff meetings at 5 p.m. and suggest that we all go home to our wives and children. Of course, we couldn't."

Order and brevity became watchwords in his office. His calendar of meetings and appointments was divided into ten-minute segments; only rarely was there any open time. To prepare for meetings, he demanded "mini-memos" that compressed complex problems into four paragraphs. Critics charged that the system was designed for Reagan's brief attention span and gave him a quick but shallow understanding of California's problems. Yet the brief memos were an effective way to sort out and organize the avalanche of information that required his attention. As a rule, Reagan made no important decision without first discussing it at his almost daily cabinet meetings or probing for more facts in lengthy sessions with agency heads and other experts.

During Watergate, aides pressed him to stop defending Richard Nixon. Said one: "It was pointless, and we told him so. He kept jiggling coins in his hands as he listened. Finally, he had enough. 'Goddammit, all right!' he shouted and threw the coins at an aide. But Reagan never disavowed Nixon, and the two still occasionally chat.

In 1968 Reagan made a brief, abortive run for the Republican presidential nomination. Backers got him on the primary ballots in Wisconsin, Nebraska and Oregon, where he won 23% of the vote against Nixon. Afterward Reagan toured several states to drum up support. At the Republican National Convention in Miami, however, he soon realized that his cause was hopeless and withdrew. Two years later he was re-elected Governor but decided that he would not run again; he had long said that no one should serve more than two terms in that office.

The most powerful influence on Reagan is his wife Nancy, 52. Says a former aide: "Nancy is a strong woman with strong opinions. She's the one to talk politics with. She likes it, the details and all, more than he does." She also has more stamina on the stump. Recently she willingly submitted to a grueling round of twelve interviews with reporters in six hours.

Nancy Reagan rarely showed up at the Governor's office, but her touch was often felt. Her sense of femininity led to a decree that the women who worked for the Governor were to wear dresses, not pantsuits. According to some aides, she frequently phoned staffers to talk over her husband's travel plans, his daily appointments and even the qualifications of people who were being con-

sidered for high state offices. In 1968 she decided that one of her husband's closest advisers, Communications Director Franklyn Nofziger, talked too much to reporters and persuaded her husband to fire him.

Above all, she takes meticulous care of her husband when he is not campaigning, making certain he does not overwork and gets to bed before 10 p.m. Reagan seems to relish the motherly, don-t-forget-your-galoshes attention. With great affection, he calls her "Mommy" and she calls him "Ronnie." Says Nancy Clark Reynolds, Mrs. Reagan's longtime press secretary: "When they hold hands, it's for real."

Their personal fortune is estimated at well over \$1 million, but the Reagans live comparatively simply in their five-bedroom house in the Pacific Palisades, a section of Los Angeles. Infrequently, they entertain such old friends as Tuttie Dart Industries Chairman Justin Dart, Los Angeles Lawyer William French Smith and former Aide Edward Meese, now a vice president of Rohr Industries Inc.

Reagan usually rises by 7:30 a.m. and spends the day at his office near U.C.L.A., where he works on political business, his radio broadcasts and newspaper columns. Lately, he has been out of town making speeches about one week a month. Otherwise he generally returns home to his family by 6, showers, changes into pajamas and eats a simple meal, often his favorite macaroni and cheese. After dinner Reagan munches on jelly beans as he works over his papers and speeches, which he writes in a personal shorthand on 4-in. by 5-in. index cards, or watches television. Favorite programs include *The Waltons* and reruns of *Mission: Impossible*. His best-liked authors include William F. Buckley Jr. and Allen Drury.

Besides his wife, Reagan pays close attention to the counsel of a handful of confidants. The most important

► John Patrick Sears, 35, an amiable, Georgetown-educated lawyer with a scholarly understanding of the tides that move American politics. Despite his youth at the time, he was a prime strategist of Richard Nixon's 1968 campaign, served briefly as a presidential aide but left after he was frozen out by the jealous H.R. Haldeman. He became a guest lecturer at Harvard's Kennedy School of Government, then returned to a lucrative Washington law practice. Though the Reagan committee is headed officially by Senator Paul Laxalt of Nevada, even he admits that Sears is the master planner and director.

► Franklyn ("Lyn") Nofziger, 51, a pudgy ex-newspaperman who was press secretary during Reagan's first cam-

THE NATION



AS A CADET IN *BROTHER RAT* (1938); WITH ANN SHERIDAN IN *KING'S ROW* (1941); FACING A LYNN MOB IN *LAW AND ORDER* (1940); DYING IN *KNUTE ROCKNE, ALL AMERICAN* (1940)

THE NATION

aign and his first two years as Governor. After leaving the staff in 1968, he worked successively in public relations, as a White House aide and deputy chairman of the Republican National Committee. He rejoined Reagan last summer as a deputy to Sears, and directs the campaign's West Coast operations from Los Angeles.

By now Reagan has refined his generally predictable views on issues, sometimes reducing them to oversimplified formulas that cause Republican moderates to doubt his grasp of national and world affairs. A sampling of his views

DÉTENTE. Using rhetoric with a 1950s Red-baiting ring, he regards Communism as "a form of insanity [that] is contrary to human nature." He is deeply suspicious of dealing with the Soviet Union. Last week he told *TIME* Correspondent John Austin "Détente has been a one-way street that the Soviets have used to continue moving toward the Marxist goal of a socialist, one-world state." He contends that the Russians are trying to achieve nuclear superiority over the U.S. in the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks with Ford and Secretary of State Henry Kissinger. He adds, "The Soviet Union would have greater respect for us if they knew that we weren't fooled. We must insist that we aren't going to be second to anyone."

INFLATION. Reagan stresses that inflation was caused by excessive Government spending and can be cured only by balancing the federal budget. Says he: "The main cause of this mess is not business or labor but Government-engineered expansion and pre-emption of the nation's money." Reagan would apply the same "cut, squeeze and trim" policy to the federal budget that he boasts of having used in California. He views Ford's call for a \$28 billion reduction in next year's budget as

not going far enough. Says he: "It has a little bit of the sound of the fellow who advertises a big sale, 20% off, but he raises the prices 40% before he cuts them back." To stimulate the economy, Reagan believes, the Government should eliminate "excessive regulation and injurious taxing policies."

BIG GOVERNMENT. Like Ford, Reagan believes the federal establishment should be reduced. His plan: abolish the federal role in welfare, education, housing, Medicaid and some other services. The savings, he contends, would total \$90 billion, permitting a 23% cut in federal personal income taxes and an initial \$5 billion payment on the national debt. State and local governments would have to take over many of the programs. But he argues that the savings to taxpayers would still be big because the programs would be run more efficiently—quite a few, indeed, would be dropped—and many jobs would be eliminated.

ENERGY. Both Reagan and Ford would eliminate price controls on domestic gas and oil to encourage industry to discover and develop new wells. Says Reagan: "The problem is not a lack of energy. It is Government regulations which deter, rather than promote, the extraction of it."

WOMEN'S RIGHTS. While Ford supports the Equal Rights Amendment, Reagan opposes it as encouraging "sex and sexual differences [to be] treated as casually and amorally as dogs and other beasts treat them." He also has highly exaggerated fears that the amendment would lead to sexually integrated rest rooms, the drafting of women into Army combat units and wholesale rewriting of the laws on divorce, child support and rape—to the detriment of women's rights. He opposes abortion on demand as "a subtle but nonetheless effective move to dehumanize babies."

GUN CONTROL. He rejects all proposed restrictions on gun ownership, asking rhetorically, "Take away the arms of the citizenry and where is its defense against not only criminals but also its defense against the possible despotism of Government?"

His views are usually expressed in generalities, but they have served Reagan well and won him much attention. As an announced candidate, he will have to be more specific. How would he persuade a Democratic Congress to give up cherished domestic programs and encourage the states and cities to raise taxes enough to take over? Would he abandon détente? And how could he do that without returning to the cold war? His answers will be of great import to Republicans, who now must decide whether he represents a conservative wave of the future or is just another Barry Goldwater calling on the party to mount a hopeless crusade against the 20th century.



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: POSING FOR A U.S.C. SCULPTURE CLASS (1940); IN THE ARMY, AS A CAPTAIN, ESCORTING JANE WYMAN (1943); SPORTSCASTING IN DES MOINES (MID-1930s); ADDRESSING COLLEGE CLASS AS GOVERNOR (1967)





A little car for about \$4200* vs. a lot of car for about \$4200.*

*Prices listed are sticker prices
and exclude state, taxes and
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Torino 2-door Hardtop. With optional WSW tires (\$39).

For about the same kind of money as a little 4-passenger foreign car you can choose a 6-passenger '76 Torino with a standard V-8, automatic transmission, power front disc brakes, power steering, steel belted radials, solid state ignition, and more.

Ford's Torino comes with the equipment people want in a 6-passenger car. Standard. You don't get hit with a lot of extras. The base sticker-price for the 2-door model pictured above: \$4,172.

So, for about the same kind of money you might spend on a little 4-passenger import (Datsun 610 2-door, \$4,169; Toyota Corona 2-door H.T., \$4,324; VW 2-door Dasher, \$4,510) you can choose a really well-equipped

6-passenger car to carry your family in roomy comfort.

Inside—about as roomy as a big car.

One reason for Torino's comfort is roominess. Front

	76-4-dr. Torino	76-4-dr. Impala
Head Room	32.0	32.0
Leg Room	42.1	42.5
Hip Room	59.4	59.3
Shoulder Room	58.5	64.0

	76-4-dr. Torino	76-4-dr. Impala
Head Room	37.0	38.4
Leg Room	37.6	38.8
Hip Room	59.4	59.7
Shoulder Room	58.5	63.6

"Fewer troubles" say owners of '74s. Ford recently conducted two surveys of 1974 car owners. The first to find out about any troubles they had in 26 areas relating to mechanical dependability. The second, in six areas relating to body quality and durability.

Everything from windshield wiper operation and squeaks and rattles to engine starting and stalling. Overall, a little more than a third responded to each survey. In both studies we asked the direct question: Have any troubles developed on your car in the last twelve months?

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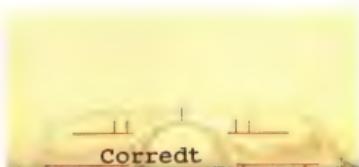
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But this one can also erase them.

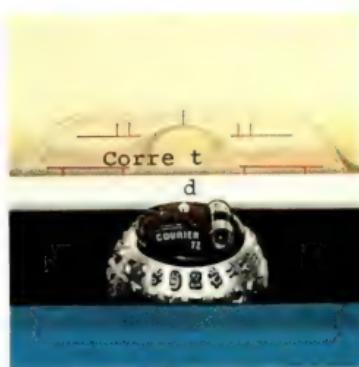


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3. After correct character is struck, typist resumes typing.



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Typing errors, after all do occur. And when they are corrected by ordinary means tell tale imperfections often remain on the original.

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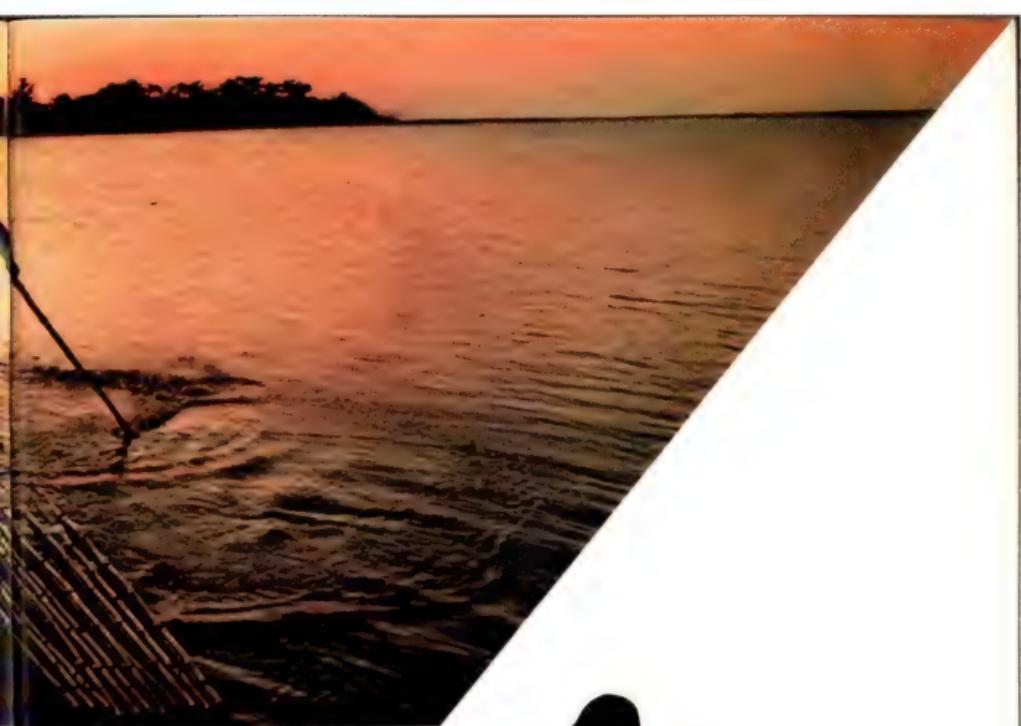
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New Jersey, New Jersey, New Jersey, New Jersey

Take me back to Port Antonio. Take me rafting down a river that ends where the day does. The Rio Grande. And in the morning, dive with me into the unearthly blue of the Blue Lagoon. And should I beat you at tennis in the afternoon, I'll buy you a daiquiri and give you the moon.

There are more than ten thousand kilometers in the M

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TO JAMAICA**

TO JAMAICA



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Further Fallout from the Shake-Up

With Ronald Reagan poised to enter the 1976 presidential race, Gerald Ford's Administration last week tried to regroup with its drastically changed—and rearranged—cast of characters. For the principals in the drama, it was a time of new beginnings, sharp adjustments and sometimes moving farewells. The G.O.P.'s moderates were wondering where they were left by Ford's move toward the right in response to Reagan's challenge.

Ford's big shake-up was getting bad press notices. Perhaps the severest cut of all came from Columnist Jerald terHorst, his former press secretary who quit after the President pardoned Richard Nixon. terHorst wrote that his old boss—and good friend still—had proved too "heavy-handed" in many of his major moves, including the Nixon pardon, the *Mayaguez* affair and the shake-up. He has acted, terHorst wrote, as though he feared that "anything less than full force might be mistaken as a sign of weakness or timidity. When the man stamps, he stamps hard."

Stubborn Views. The week began with Defense Secretary James Schlesinger's farewell. Schlesinger, who had been fired by Ford, went into his office on Sunday to polish his valedictory. He was still rewriting on Monday, with 15 minutes to go. Then, with 3,000 civilian employees and military gathered in front of the Pentagon, Schlesinger marched out to a 19-gun salute and a thunderous ovation. He was erect, pressed and combed—not his usual style. Schlesinger argued: "Whether we are successful in pursuing detente or we hedge against the possible failure of detente, a military balance remains necessary. Though we should pursue detente—vigorously—we should pursue it without illusion. Detente rests upon an underlying equilibrium of force, the maintenance of a military balance."

As Schlesinger was departing the Pentagon, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger was telling a press conference that he considered his old Harvard classmate (1950) a man of "outstanding ability." Kissinger conceded there had been differences, "as you would expect between two individuals of strong minds." Said Kissinger: "There were some personality disputes that neither of us handled with the elegance and wisdom that perhaps was necessary."

But Kissinger dismissed any policy differences as being largely "technical." He was understanding the situation Schlesinger had wanted Kissinger to drive a harder bargain with the Russians during the SALT I talks.

Concerned that the Kremlin might interpret Schlesinger's firing as a sign the U.S. would make new concessions for the sake of a new SALT agreement,

Kissinger went out of his way to blame the Soviet Union for the current deadlock in the talks. "We are still expecting some sort of reasoned response to our last proposal," said the Secretary. "We are prepared to look for an honorable compromise. But it is up to the Soviet Union to be also prepared to make a compromise." Asked if he himself planned to last out the Ford Administration, he said, "Well, I don't plan to answer my phone on Sundays."

As it turned out, Capitol Hill gave Kissinger much more cause for worry than did President Ford. The House committee investigating U.S. intelligence operations recommended that the Secretary be cited with three counts of contempt of Congress for refusing to turn over subpoenaed documents on covert intelligence operations. If the full House votes to cite Kissinger, a move that would be unprecedented, the case would go to the courts. Kissinger said last week the President had directed him to withhold the material on the grounds of Executive privilege. The Secretary, visibly upset and reacting strongly, said he regretted the committee's action, declaring it raised "serious questions all over the world about what this country is doing to itself and what the necessity is to torment ourselves like this, month after month." One of his top aides reported that Kissinger is feeling increasingly embattled and isolated, and is irked that the White House is giving him a minimum of support in this latest, potentially climactic clash between Congress and the Executive.

Earlier, White House Chief of Staff Donald Rumsfeld appeared before the Senate Armed Services Committee for hearings on his nomination as the new Defense Secretary. Although Rumsfeld

has been portrayed as playing the scheming Iago to Ford's naive Othello, he maintained that, in fact, he had not wanted Schlesinger's job.

Asked if he planned to use the Pentagon as a steppingstone to a place on the Ford ticket, Rumsfeld replied that he was not running for the vice presidency. But he refused to remove himself from the race. Said he: "It is presumptuous of me to take myself out of a position I have not been offered."

After two days of hearings, Rumsfeld emerged with every hair in place—possibly, some observers suspected, because he had sprayed it. Committee Chairman John C. Stennis noted mildly, "You haven't been put on the gridle." The committee then voted unanimously to approve Rumsfeld, and quick confirmation by the full Senate is expected this week.

Party Man. Less sure of speedy confirmation is another Ford nominee, George Bush, chief of the U.S. liaison office in Peking, named to succeed William Colby as director of the CIA. A former Texas Congressman (two terms), Ambassador to the U.N. and chairman of the Republican National Committee, Bush is a canny politician and strong party loyalist. Democratic Senator Frank Church, who heads the committee that has been digging into CIA violations of its charter and the law, argues that the agency needs an independent, tough-minded outsider who is not a politician to straighten it out. Asked Church: "If CIA assessments should collide with a favored course of action at the White House, would a dedicated party man like Mr. Bush be able to stand up to the pressures from a Republican President in an election year?" Bush's hearings, which could be as stormy as Rumsfeld's were serene, are not expected to begin until after January 1.

At the White House, meanwhile, Richard Cheney, 34, Rumsfeld's well-

DEFENSE SECRETARY SCHLESINGER SALUTING COLOR GUARD AT FAREWELL CEREMONIES



THE NATION

liked deputy, took over as Ford's chief of staff. Cheney moved quickly to heal one of Ford's touchier people problems: the feud between Rumsfeld and Robert Hartmann. Hartmann, Ford's top aide in congressional and V.P. days, was shunted by Rumsfeld into a vaguely defined job as speechwriter-adviser. He made little secret of his resentment of Rumsfeld, and Kissinger as well, both of whom he regarded as headline hunters. "Things will work much better now," Hartmann told *TIME* after conferring and lunching with Cheney. "The President can be the only star. I believe the premise now is to promote the President. Everybody else can be invisible."

One of the most baffled and frustrated groups in Washington in the wake of Ford's power play is the moderate wing of the G.O.P. These moderates represent the way the President nudged Vice President Nelson Rockefeller—their champion—into ruling himself out as V.P. on the 1976 ticket. Although the moderates are disenchanted, they currently have no plans to run one of their own against Ford for several reasons:

1) They fear a moderate candidate would pull support away from Ford and thereby improve Reagan's prospects.

2) Despite Ford's more conservative stance in recent months, they hope that if he defeats Reagan for the nomination, he will again move toward the center.

3) Many of the moderates were in the forefront of the fight against Richard Nixon in the waning days of his presidency. Says one moderate Congressman: "There is a reluctance to engage in regicide again."

In addition, the withdrawal of Nelson Rockefeller from consideration as Ford's running mate has opened up the possibility that Ford might choose another moderate for the job. Finally, the moderates, aware that delegates to G.O.P. conventions have traditionally been more conservative than the majority of Republican voters, have no illusions that one of their own could beat Ford for the nomination.

Long Shots. But what if Ford is knocked off by Reagan in the early primaries? In that case, the moderates will almost certainly try to rally behind a candidate. Among the possible choices, many of them certainly long shots: Rocky himself; Senators Charles Percy of Illinois, Charles Mathias of Maryland and Howard Baker of Tennessee; Governors Robert Ray of Iowa and William Milliken of Michigan.

With the effect of the shake-up still reverberating, the President set off at week's end for Paris to take part in an economic summit meeting with the leaders of Britain, West Germany, France, Italy and Japan. Late next week Ford will leave for a four-day visit to China—his first. In Peking, the only city he will visit, the President will mainly be trying to establish a personal relationship with China's aging leaders.

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDEY

The Itinerant Chief Executive

For Jerry Ford it was a more or less typical week: Charleston, Durham, Paris (France, that is). When he gets back from there, he will undoubtedly hit a few places like Des Moines, Madison and Manchester. Then he will be off to Anchorage, Peking (China, that is), Manila, Jakarta and Honolulu. That will take the President up to mid-December; and after a short desk stop in the Oval Office, he will emplane for the ski slopes of Vail, probably with a rally or two on the way. And after the holidays, presidential primary campaigns begin in earnest, and so it will be Pocatello, Binghamton and you name it.

Delaware's Senator William Roth wonders about all this travel on the basis of its cost alone. He has learned that the Federal Government plans to spend \$2.3 billion for travel this fiscal year. Roth has a computer print-out of Government travel patterns that runs 25 ft., roughly \$100 million a foot. He would like to see a 10% cut across the board, with Ford leading the way.

When the Scripps-Howard editors dropped in to see the President last week, one of them asked how Ford could do the job when he was gone so much. Ford argued that it didn't matter where the President was, as long as he got the work done.

That will not satisfy very many people. The pollsters say their data show the itinerant presidency is one reason for national nervousness right now.

Americans have been arguing about this since Woodrow Wilson collapsed in Colorado in 1919 after 34 speeches in which he tried vainly to sell the League of Nations. There were new doubts when Warren Harding's health failed in the waters off Alaska in 1923 before he expired in San Francisco. The jet plane has reduced the physical burden of presidential travel, but it very easily encourages its use.

Part of the travel surely is necessary. A President does need to see his nation, does need to confront the world's other authorities eyeball to eyeball. But does he have to turn the White House into a kind of pit stop? Ford seems now on the verge of making motion the major device of his leadership. All through the State Department last week there were doubts about the wisdom of the China trip. The top men in Peking are sick and aged, distrustful of our overtures to the Soviet Union. No real diplomatic business can be transacted. "He's going because he wants to," explained one diplomat.

Interestingly, that urge never seems to overwhelm people like Leonid Brezhnev, who keeps delaying his trip to the U.S. because we have not worked out anything new for him to negotiate on arms limitation. When he can make a deal, he will be on our doorstep.

Finally, one must conclude that Air Force One and the marvelous technology that sends it round the globe have become a kind of a presidential hobby, replacing the medicine ball (Hoover) and the stamp collection (F.D.R.). Crew members rather than beautiful plane with Glass Wax before a trip, polish it to a mirror finish with compressed-air buffers and add tire black to the ten wheels. They fill the hold with the tenderest chicken and juiciest steak, packing it all away in dry ice with flawless precision so that each day's meals come up on top in the proper order. On board, far above the world's anguish, life is eased by soft stereo and fingertip service from the six stewards. Who could resist?

"For sure, one reason that the President travels so much is that marvelous plane," Peter Lisagor, a Washington wit, tells his lecture audiences these days. "The way to keep the President at home more is to take Air Force One away from him and make him fly Allegheny . . ." Lisagor swears that before he is able to finish the line, his listeners are roaring with laughter and clapping their approval.



"It beats working."

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NEW YORK

One Step Back from the Brink

New York City may be saved from officially defaulting after all. By the end of last week, the Federal Government had softened its stand against helping the city, and seemed in a mood to approve some \$2.5 billion in loan guarantees or other assistance. The shift came after state and city officials had put together a program of new taxes, budget cuts, debt deferrals and bank and pension-fund loans to tide New York over the next three years until its budget is balanced. Said Treasury Secretary William Simon: "They are finally taking the tough steps that they have been saying for the past eight months realistically could not be taken."

On the surface, President Ford did not seem especially mollified. He said

began to carry less weight. Each time Federal Reserve Board Chairman Arthur Burns was asked about the effect of default on money markets, he sounded a bit more anxious. A Federal Reserve report released last week indicated that 546 U.S. banks (out of 14,000) held New York State and New York City securities in an amount equal to at least 20% of their capital. Carey said that Burns pronounced the new rescue program "interesting."

Buoyed by Washington's reaction, Carey convened a special session of the state legislature. "The President is a reasonable man, and we have presented a reasonable plan," said Carey. "We are prepared to move from verbiage to vows." But the legislators, balking at the

The Governor pointed out that there was a precedent for such action in the moratoriums on mortgage payments enacted during the Depression. These were subsequently upheld by the U.S. Supreme Court. But the deferral of payments may trigger lawsuits by noteholders.

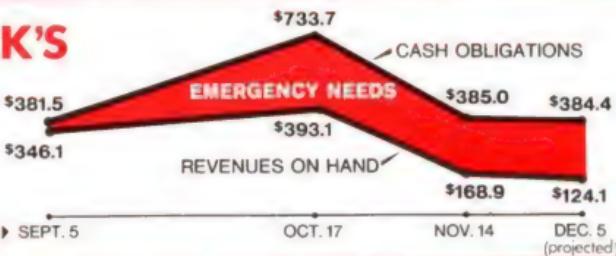
The other part of the rescue package involves further loans from city and state banks and retirement funds. Banks are asked to roll over \$500 million in city notes, and city pension funds would renew a similar amount. The pension funds would also buy another \$2.5 billion in city securities over the next three years. Finally, city and state banks and pension funds would give up \$2.4 billion in three-year MAC bonds yielding 12% interest in exchange for ten-year securities paying 6%. Once this is all done, the Federal Government would bridge the remaining gap with some form of assistance.

A symbolic blow for fiscal discipline

NEW YORK'S WEEKLY CASH GAP

(in millions)

week of ▶ SEPT. 5



TMJ, Inc./The Star-Banner

he would await action by the New York State legislature before he came to a final decision. "Until they have acted, there is absolutely no change in my position," he declared at a press conference in Atlanta before he left for the international economic summit. Said Press Secretary Ronald Nessen: "The President is not backing away—quite the opposite. After trying in every way to scare this Government into a bailout, they have finally come up with a plan."

The fact is that New York's "scare tactics" had some effect. A nationwide publicity blitz orchestrated by New York's Democratic Governor Hugh Carey turned the country at least part way around on the issue. New Yorkers hammered away at the theme that if the city fell into default, others would soon accompany it. Yonkers, N.Y., teetered on the brink of default last week, only to be rescued at the last moment by a \$25 million infusion of bank loans and state aid. Massachusetts, too, seemed headed for default until it managed to balance its \$3 billion budget by slashing social services and raising taxes.

Administration insistence that a New York default would have only a minimal impact on the U.S. economy

tax hikes, were reluctant to take the vows. The plan called for an \$867 million increase in state and \$200 million in city taxes. A boost in the state income tax was contemplated as well as a jump in the sales tax in the city to an onerous 10%, which would be the highest in the nation. As opposition mounted, Carey let it be known that he might scale down the tax increases and instead cut \$500 million from welfare and Medicaid. Over the weekend, he continued to negotiate the final shape of the package with Senate Majority Leader Warren Anderson, an upstate Republican.

The most controversial feature of the program—a debt moratorium—was passed by the legislature. Private holders of \$1.6 billion in short-term city securities will be asked to exchange them for long-term bonds issued by the Municipal Assistance Corp.; the bonds will pay 8% to 9% interest and mature in ten to 15 years. Noteholders who refuse to make the swap will not be able to redeem their present securities until June 30, 1978; they will continue to draw interest but at a reduced rate.

Carey insisted on calling the provision a moratorium, not a default. To others, it was a difference in name only.

was struck last week when Deputy Mayor James Cavanagh was forced out of office. Long identified with New York's budget gimmickry, Cavanagh had been under pressure from the city's financial overseers. To demonstrate the city's determination to cut spending, Mayor Beame ordered the elimination of another 8,374 jobs last week for an estimated saving of \$200 million. The cumulative cutbacks would reduce the number of full-time city employees from some 300,000 before the fiscal crisis began to a little more than 250,000.

To date, Beame has made his sharpest reductions in the departments that can least afford them: police, fire, sanitation. The latest cuts, however, will fall heavily on the department of social services, which is often accused of inefficiency; last year many millions of dollars in welfare checks were misappropriated, lost or stolen. Meanwhile, the city's biggest bureaucracy, the board of education, tried to fend off cutbacks. Ordered by Beame to pare \$39 million from its budget, the board offered to reduce school sports programs or subsidized transportation for handicapped students. Said City Budget Director Melvin Lechner: "The board is still playing games."

INVESTIGATIONS

WHO KILLED J.F.K.? JUST ONE ASSASSIN

WHO KILLED J.F.K.? The jolting question glares from bumper stickers, intrudes from posters, lures capacity crowds on the national campus lecture circuit. At least 87 U.S. Congressmen have backed a resolution urging a new investigation into the assassination of President John F. Kennedy, which occurred in Dallas on Nov. 22, 1963—twelve years ago this Saturday. Three congressional subcommittees are trying to find out precisely what information the FBI and CIA withheld from the Warren Commission's investigation of the crime—and why.

A flurry of articles in magazines—from the solemn *New Republic* to the impetuous *New Times*, from the *Saturday Evening Post* to *Penthouse*—criticize the commission and question its conclusion that the murder was committed by Lee Harvey Oswald, acting "alone." A paperback published this week, "*They've Killed the President!*" by Robert Sam Anson, suggests that Kennedy was the victim of a CIA-Mafia conspiracy. The first printing: 250,000 copies. Television and radio talk shows focus on the Warren Report—and question it. Shown three times on ABC-TV, the shocking color movie of the shooting taken by Amateur Photographer Abraham Zapruder has jarred millions of viewers into a renewed awareness of the brutal event.

The revival of doubt about that day in Dallas stems mainly from what Americans have since learned about their Government. The Viet Nam War and Watergate have inspired a new skepticism about the veracity and motives of high Government officials. The disclosure that some CIA agents schemed with Mafia racketeers to assassinate Cuba's Fidel Castro has fanned theories about a conspiracy to kill Kennedy. So, too, has the recent admission by the FBI that it secretly destroyed a threatening note from Lee Harvey Oswald, although that reckless act was apparently done only to save the agency from embarrassment. Those facts were withheld from the Warren Commission by both agencies. A Harris Poll, taken in October, shows that 65% of the public believe that the Kennedy assassination was "not the act of one individual, but rather of a larger conspiracy."

The resurgence of conspiracy theories is all the more remarkable because not a single fact linking Oswald with

anyone else in a plot has become known in the eleven years since the Warren Commission issued its 888-page summary and 25 accompanying volumes of exhibits and testimony. Headed by Chief Justice Earl Warren, the commission included Congressmen Gerald R. Ford and Hale Boggs, Senators Richard B. Russell and John Sherman Cooper, former CIA Director Allen W. Dulles and former Diplomat John J. McCloy. The mass of evidence was gathered over nine months and based on some 25,000 interviews conducted by the FBI, another 1,550 by the Secret Service. In addition, the commission's staff of 14 lawyers examined 395 witnesses and took sworn statements from another 63. The commission itself quizzed 94 people. That is surely not a record of investigators refusing to listen to witnesses who might disturb their eventual conclusions.

For varied reasons—some selfish and financial, others well-intentioned and sincere—dozens of critics have assailed the report and its central findings. Those conclusions were: 1) only one assassin, Oswald, fired the shots in Dallas' Dealey Plaza; 2) there were three shots, and all were fired from behind the two victims, Kennedy and then Texas Governor John Connally, who was seated ahead of the President on a jump seat in a limousine; 3) one bullet missed both men; one passed through Kennedy's neck and Connally's chest and right wrist, stopping in his left thigh. The other hit Kennedy in the head.

In the years since publication of the report, a generation of young people has grown up with no awareness of what the commission really said. Millions of older Americans, too, paid little attention to its details. Thus whatever a large portion of the public has learned about the report has been filtered, often in a highly prejudicial way, through the critics—some of whom show no signs of having read it. The more industrious critics have minutely analyzed the 26 volumes and exploited every real or imagined conflict among witnesses, every investigative error or omission by Dallas police, the FBI or the Warren Commission itself. Never attempting a balanced assessment, and sometimes defying the evidence, the conspiracy theorists have raised an array of questions,



Isn't the famed photo of Oswald with a rifle and a pistol actually Oswald's head imposed on someone else's body?

No. Lecturers making this claim often display a LIFE cover (Feb. 21, 1964) of this photo. LIFE's artists routinely outlined parts of the photo to clarify detail, such as the rifle. Oswald's Soviet-born wife Marina testified that she took two snapshots of this pose. Warren Commission investigators have one of the negatives. Experts testified that beyond doubt it came from Oswald's camera and in no way was doctored.

Weren't Watergate Burglars E. Howard Hunt and Frank Sturgis photographed in Dealey Plaza when Kennedy was killed?

No. A photo said by critics to resemble the two former CIA employees shows drastic differences in features

Is not part of a man and a rifle vaguely visible behind a tree in the Zapruder assassination film?

No. The tree was only inches in diameter and nobody could have hidden behind it. Moreover, the "gunman" disappears in a fraction of a second: the suspected shape is visible on only three frames of the film.

Didn't many witnesses think they heard shots fired from the "grassy knoll" area ahead and to one side of Kennedy's car?

Yes. Some policemen even rushed in that direction. But the acoustics of rifle shots are often misleading. No one on the knoll saw a gunman. No physical evidence of any such shooting was found.

Is it not probable that Jack Ruby, the Dallas nightclub owner who killed Oswald, was part of a plot?

No. His act seemed completely impulsive and unplanned. Only four minutes before Oswald was taken out of a

basement exit of the Dallas police headquarters. Ruby was in a nearby Western Union office, sending a money order to one of his nightclub strippers. If the customers ahead of him in line had been slower, he would have missed Oswald's exit. An off-duty police inspector had dropped by to ask Oswald a few extra questions; otherwise Oswald would have been moved before Ruby walked down the police ramp and drew his pistol. Ruby had not even been stalking his victim.

But wasn't Ruby a crony of both Dallas cops and the Chicago underworld?

Ruby was a police buff who often entertained officers at his nightclub. He was the type they, in turn, would question about gambling, prostitution and hoodlums. In Chicago, where he lived before moving to Dallas, he knew a few criminals. But he was the insignificant type of hanger-on, according to one Mob expert, whom "the gangsters used to scratch matches on."

Why was Oswald able to get a hardship discharge from the Marine Corps in just three days?

He didn't. He applied for a discharge on Aug. 17, 1959; he was released from active duty on Sept. 11, only three months before his enlistment was to have expired. He claimed he had to support his ailing mother.

Wasn't Oswald photographed on the street-level steps of the Texas Schoolbook Depository building about the time of the shootings?

No. Another employee in the building, Billy Lovelady, testified that he was the man in the picture. Other employees in the photo confirm that they were standing beside Lovelady, not Oswald, at the time.

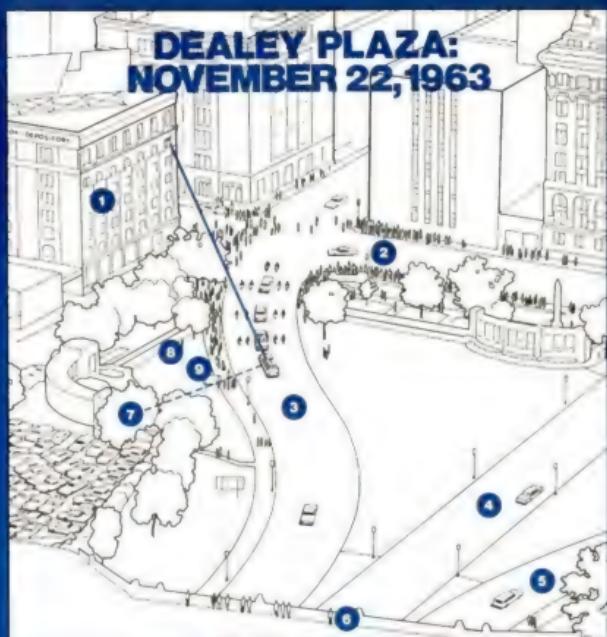
Why was Oswald carrying the license-plate number of the car of Dallas FBI Agent James Hosty?

Marina testified that Oswald had asked her to jot it down. Hosty had interviewed her at least twice about her husband. This angered Oswald—and triggered his hostile note to Dallas FBI headquarters.

Why is so much of the Kennedy autopsy material missing?

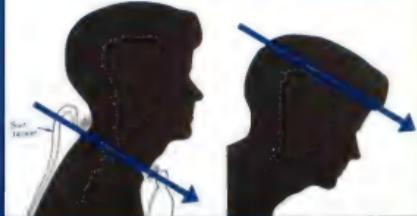
Not much is. Only some tissue, taken for microscopic slides, and the brain itself are not at the National Archives where the rest of the material is held. They were given to Robert Kennedy, apparently at his request, after the brain was X-rayed and photographed. According to a family spokesman, he did not tell other family members what he did with these parts of his brother's body. They assume that, for reasons of privacy, he destroyed or buried them.

Two official re-examinations of the evidence have reinforced, rather than



1 Texas School Book Depository
2 Houston Street
3 Elm Street
4 Main Street
5 Commerce Street
6 Triple Underpass
7 Photographer Zapruder
8 Grassy Knoll
9 Stemmons Freeway Sign

PATHS OF TWO BULLETS THAT STRUCK JOHN KENNEDY



COURSE OF TUMBLING BULLET



Chartmaker diagrams, based on analysis of autopsy materials by Dr. John K. Lattimer

THE NATION

weakened, the Warren Commission's findings. Unwisely, the commission at first withheld autopsy materials—X rays and color photos of Kennedy's body, a recovered bullet, metal fragments and his clothing. Though apparently motivated by a desire to protect the Kennedy family against public discussion of grisly detail, this decision fanned many arguments about the precise nature and location of Kennedy's wounds.

But in 1968 Ramsey Clark, then Attorney General, appointed an independent panel of four professors of medicine to study the autopsy materials. Vice President Nelson Rockefeller's Commission on CIA Activities within the U.S. selected another panel of five physicians to do the same thing last spring. All of the experts on both panels concluded that Kennedy had been struck from above and behind by two shots.

Four other experts have individually seen the available autopsy evidence since. One, Dr. Cyril Wecht, coroner of Pennsylvania's Allegheny County, still challenges the single-assassin conclusion. To the dismay of some of his fellow critics, Wecht abandoned his earlier tentative opinion that shots could have struck Kennedy from the front; he too decided they had come from behind and above the President's car. But he does not believe the bullet that struck Kennedy high in his back also injured Connally. Based on his estimate of the bullet trajectories, Wecht contends that two assassins must have been firing from different positions in the Book Depository.

All of the doctors rule out shots from ahead of Kennedy's car because they can find no exit wounds on X rays and photos of his back or the rear or left side of his head. A small hole in the rear of Kennedy's skull, they say, is clearly an entrance wound; part of the bone is pushed inward. Discoloration of flesh and the lack of jagged skin edges similarly identify the back wound as one of entrance.

The autopsy reviews confirm irrefutably that Kennedy was hit in the back of his neck. They ought to still the argument raised by a rough autopsy sketch in the Warren Commission report, prepared by Commander James J. Humes; it placed Kennedy's back wound too low to be consistent with the exit wound in his throat (partially obscured by a tracheotomy incision). The hole in Kennedy's suit jacket also had seemed too low. Since Kennedy was seen in the Zapruder film to be waving before he was first struck in the back of the neck, the experts believe that his raised right arm

bunched up the top of the jacket; unfolded, the jacket thus shows a hole lower than the one in his back (see diagram page 33).

There has been little medical argument over Connally's wounds. His doctors agree that a single bullet struck the right side of his back, fractured a rib, then hit the upper side of his right wrist and shallowly penetrated his left thigh. For this bullet to have come from ahead of the car, the shot would have had to be fired from near the level of the floor.

That does not, however, rule out Wecht's theory that more than one gunman may have been firing from the rear, two shots striking Kennedy and a third inflicting Connally's wounds. Since most witnesses in Dealey Plaza thought they had heard three shots (a minority estimated four, a few five), the FBI and the Warren Commission staff at first had also assumed that three separate shots had inflicted the wounds on Kennedy and Connally, though they thought one rifleman could have done all of the shooting. The Zapruder film and the known characteristics of Oswald's rifle forced them to reconsider; this resulted in the theory that a single bullet struck both Kennedy and Connally.

Since the speed at which Zapruder's film was moving could be checked (18.3 frames a second), it served as a stopwatch on events. The presidential limousine was found to be traveling at only 11.2 m.p.h. In the film Kennedy is seen to be waving to a sparse crowd when, unfortunately for later investigators, a large Stemmons Freeway sign blocks the view from Zapruder's camera (at frame 205). When the President emerges 1.09 seconds later (at frame 225), he is reaching for his throat and clearly has been hit. His head, all too graphically, is struck another 4.8 seconds later (at frame 313). Thus the two wounds had to be inflicted no more than six seconds apart and in no less than five seconds. It is also clear that Connally was hit neither before nor after Kennedy's successive blows; he is noticeably reacting to his own wounds before Kennedy is struck the second time.

Oswald's 6.5 mm. Mannlicher-Carcano Italian rifle required at least 2.3 seconds between each firing to work the bolt, aim and pull the trigger. Thus it was possible for Oswald to have fired both shots at Kennedy within five seconds—but not to have got off a third shot that wounded Connally within the same time span. Since the bullet that went through Kennedy's neck obviously was traveling on a downward course but left no hole anywhere in the car, the Warren Commission staff concluded that it must have hit Connally.

To Wecht and other skeptics, that was an impossibility. Oswald's alleged perch gave him a line of fire toward Kennedy of slightly left to right. Connally was seated in front of Kennedy. Yet the bullet exited from Kennedy's

KEY FRAMES OF ZAPRUDER FILM: KENNEDY CAN APPROACHES SIGN (204, 205); EMERGES AS PRESIDENT CLUTCHES THROAT (225, 226); CONNALLY SHOWS PAIN (233); KENNEDY IS HIT FOR SECOND TIME (313)

204

205

225

226

235

313

PHOTOGRAPH BY AP/WIDEWORLD

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41 MPG ON THE HIGHWAY. 29 MPG IN THE CITY.*



1969 Datsun 510

1976 Datsun B-210 Hatchback

**DATSON
DAVES**



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THE NATION

neck, grazing the left side of his tie knot. How then could it strike the right side of Connally? Only scoffs Wecht, by "making an acute right turn in mid-air." That might be true if both Kennedy and Connally were seated stiffly upright and facing straight ahead at the time Kennedy was first hit. But there are no photos of this precise moment. Before the sign obscured him, Kennedy was last seen in the film to have been waving; Connally is shown turning to his right as he emerges from behind the sign.

Dr John K. Lattimer, chairman of the department of urology at Columbia University medical school, has examined the autopsy material, analyzed the Zapruder film and, with his two sons, has fired some 600 rounds of ammunition with rifles identical to Oswald's. He notes that as a seated person turns to the right to look directly behind, he invariably first shifts his upper body slightly to the left. Such a movement could have aligned the two men to account for the single-bullet wounds. Moreover, the wound in Connally's back is not neatly circular; its vertical dimension is longer. Only a bullet that has struck something else and is tumbling would leave such a mark. The shape of Connally's thigh wound indicates that this turning bullet entered his leg backward. Lattimer's test firings of the powerful bullets into human-cadaver wrists also convince him that Connally's wrist would have been totally shattered if struck by a bullet that had not been drastically slowed up by other objects.

Connally has insisted that he could not have been hit by the same bullet that struck Kennedy's neck. He testified he heard a shot, turned to his right to look at Kennedy, could not see him, and began turning back toward his left before he hit. The commission lawyers believe that Connally, like so many witnesses to the events, was mistaken. He may have heard a shot before he was hit, they say, but perhaps it was the shot that missed both men. They note that Connally did not even know he had been hit in the wrist and thigh until he awoke from surgery the next day.

Most viewers of the Zapruder film are bothered by two questions that it seems to pose: 1) Why does Connally take so long to show signs of pain if, indeed, he had been hit almost at the same instant as Kennedy? 2) Why, if Kennedy was struck from the rear, does his body move sharply back? The commission's experts explain Connally's delayed reaction (at most, 1.5 seconds) as a quite plausible nervous-system occurrence. He also clings to his hat, despite

a wrist wound; the experts contend that his muscles tightened.

Lattimer, again, has done grisly but practical experiments on Kennedy's head movements. As do other analysts, he notes that the head momentarily moved forward in one frame of the film before jolting more noticeably backward. Lattimer and his sons have fired the Oswald-type gun and ammunition into the rear of human skulls packed with gelatin. He has films to show that in each case the skulls toppled backward off their stands, never forward. Similar tests were conducted with melons by Physician Luis Alvarez of the University of California, with the same results. Though neither had expected this movement, they theorized that the escape of material through the larger exit wounds in these tests had a jetlike effect that propelled the melons and skulls to the rear.

Critics of the single-bullet theory also dwell on the relatively undamaged condition of the bullet recovered near Connally's stretcher at Parkland Hospital. They marvel sarcastically at all of the wounds this bullet is supposed to have inflicted, while remaining so "pristine." The bullet is only slightly flattened at its rear, with a mere 2 to 2.5 grains of its soft lead core missing.

Ballistics experts have fired this type of bullet through 25 in. of tough climwood and 47 in. of pine—and it has come to rest similarly intact (on the other hand, it has also been fired through cotton wadding and emerged misshapen). Lattimer has cut up two grains of this bullet's lead core and found they would yield 41 fragments—more than found in Connally's wounds. No one has estimated the weight of the metal X-rayed in or recovered from Connally at more than two grains. Thus, although this bullet is surprisingly undamaged, its condition does not mean it could not have hit both men.

Still, many of the critics insist that Oswald was not a good enough shot to have hit Kennedy twice with a cheap rifle. They contend that it was a difficult shot. In fact, the longest shot was

265.3 ft. from the sixth-floor window. To Oswald, peering through a four-power scope on his rifle, it looked like only about 22 yards. His target, moreover, was moving slowly and in a straight line away from him, rather than laterally.

When he was a Marine, Oswald had qualified as a marksman and, though that is the corps' lowest of three rifleman's ratings, it makes him a good shot by civilian standards. Oswald's mother Marguerite sold two pages from his Marine rifle-score book; they show him making 48 and 49 points out of a possible 50 in rapid fire at 200 yards from a sitting position, without a scope.

Some Army experts checking out Oswald's rifle were able to hit simulated human targets at the assumed motorcade distance in the same time that was available to Oswald. After considerable practice to manage the rifle's stiff bolt action, even Lattimer's son Gary, only 14 at the time, was able to place three shots within a head target at 263 ft. within twelve seconds. Marina Oswald testified that she had heard Oswald practicing the rifle's bolt action outside their Dallas home in 1963. From the Book Depository building, Oswald also had the benefit of resting his gun on a book carton and steadyng his grip with an arm sling.

It is true, as the critics stress and the Warren Commission concedes, that Oswald's scope was mounted slightly off center; the rifle is so constructed as to make a precise center mounting impossible. Practice shooting is required to compensate for the scope's misalignment. Oswald at least once told Marina he was going off to target-shoot. Also, as one army weapons expert advised the commission, Oswald may have been disastrously lucky in that the 3° decline on which the Kennedy car was traveling could have offset the scope's error.

The other evidence against Oswald is overwhelming. His handwriting on mail orders for the rifle, as well as for the revolver used to kill Dallas Patrolman J.D. Tippit, is proof that he bought



BOOKS & MAGAZINES DEALING WITH DEBATE OVER WARREN COMMISSION CONCLUSIONS

THE NATION

both under an alias (A. Hidell). On the eve of the assassination, he caught a ride with a co-worker, Buell Wesley Frazier, to make a rare week-night visit to his estranged wife in a Dallas suburb; he claimed that he wanted to pick up some curtain rods. Although his rented room in Dallas had all its needed rods, next day he carried a long, thin package in brown paper to work with Frazier. On this day—the day of the assassination—Oswald spurted some 50 feet ahead of his friend instead of walking, as he usually did, with him from the parking lot to the building.

The wrapping paper and the rifle later were found on the sixth floor of the building from which the shots were fired. A palm print of Oswald's was on the rifle barrel, under its stock. The intact bullet recovered at the hospital and a fragment of the second bullet, found in the car, matched the rifling of the gun. Oswald's flight from his perch, which was handily obscured by boxes moved by a crew laying new flooring, was not as impossibly speedy as the critics contend. He was seen on the second floor by the building manager and a police officer about 90 seconds after the shooting. Warren Commission investigators retraced the same route from the sixth floor and reached the second floor, without running, in the allotted time. Oswald did not have to struggle through the cartons, meticulously wipe prints off the gun and carefully hide it; he apparently simply pushed a box or two aside, dropped the gun, and walked down four flights of stairs.

Some 46 minutes after the shooting of Kennedy, Officer J.D. Tippit stopped a suspicious looking young man less than one mile from the crime. The man gunned down Tippit. The critics ask, "Why did Tippit stop Oswald?" Only Tippit knew. But if a gunman who had just shot the President saw a police car approach, he might well show signs of fright. Oswald was so shaken moments after killing Tippit that a suspicious store-keeper followed him to a theater, where Oswald was arrested.

When caught later, Oswald carried the revolver that ballistics tests showed had fired the four cartridge cases found in a yard near Tippit's body. A witness saw Oswald discard the empty shells there. Six witnesses identified Oswald as the gunman they saw either at the Tippit murder scene or fleeing it.

To accept the conclusion that Oswald killed both Kennedy and Officer Tippit is not necessarily to believe that no one put him up to it. Yet no evidence of a plot has ever been brought forward. The hit man in such a scheme does not wander around, as Oswald did—walking, catching a bus, switching to a cab, picking up a revolver at his rooming house and walking again—with not

enough money to travel far from the scene of the crime. He does not call attention to himself ahead of time by barging into the Cuban and Soviet embassies in Mexico City, demanding immediate visas.

Still, a much-bruited theory is that Cuba's Castro enticed Oswald into killing Kennedy to avenge CIA attempts against his own life. With no more hard evidence than anyone else, Lyndon Johnson thought that Kennedy had been a victim of a Communist plot. "When I took office," Johnson told TIME Correspondent Leo Janos in June 1971, "I discovered that we had been operating a goddamn Murder Inc. in the Caribbean. I never believed that Oswald acted alone, although I can accept that he was the one who pulled the trigger."



L.B.J. often told intimates that he suspected that Castro was behind Oswald. As Johnson said: "See how it feels to be the target of an assassination? That was Castro's reply."

Allen Dulles, a former CIA director and member of the Warren Commission, was aware of the CIA attempts to kill Castro, but he never told the commission. Yet that possible motivation for a plot against Kennedy was something the commission was entitled to know.

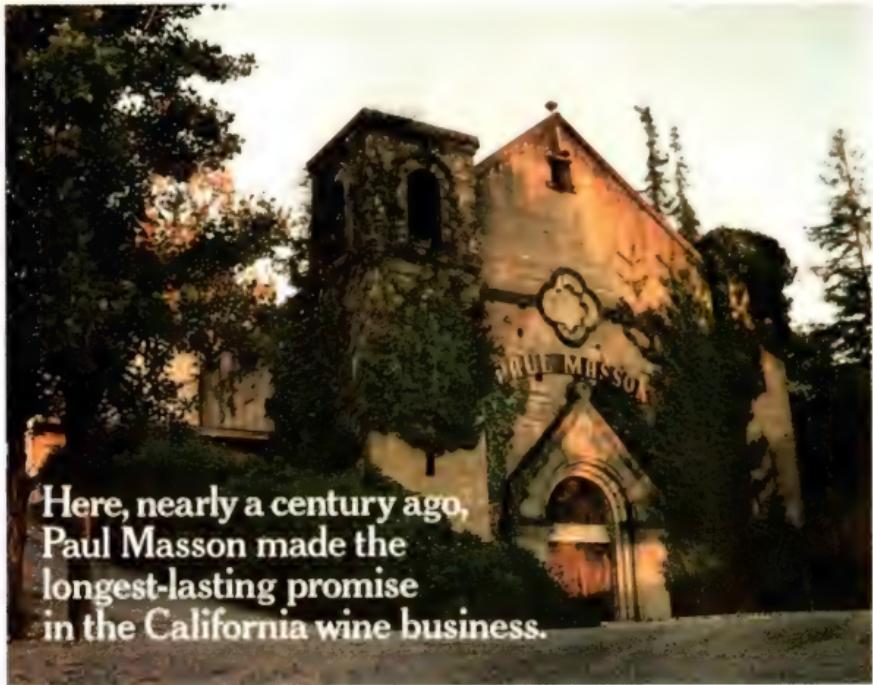
Some responsible critics of the commission feel that the CIA has not yet revealed everything it knows about Oswald. Republican Senator Richard Schweiker of Pennsylvania strongly suspects that Oswald was some kind of intelligence agent, if not for the CIA, then for the Soviet Union. He thinks that there are too many mysteries about Os-

wald's defection to Russia, his 32 months of life there (from October 1959 to June 1962), his marriage to Marina and his quick acceptance for re-entry into the U.S. with a State Department cash loan and a renewed passport. Schweiker is co-chairman of a subcommittee within Senator Frank Church's Committee on Intelligence Activities, and he is considering holding public hearings on any possible links between Oswald and the CIA or the FBI.

Certainly, the nature of Oswald's relations with both the CIA and the FBI, as well as his movements in Russia and Mexico City, is the most formidable lingering question about the assassination. It should be vigorously pursued by congressional committees.

But Oswald was much too unstable a personality for any government to have used him for serious undercover work. He seems to have provoked fights with government officials wherever he went. He was not, as once rumored, a paid FBI informer with a badge number (the FBI does not issue badges to informers). As a returned defector, however, he quite possibly was queried periodically by FBI agents; they may have asked him about pro-Castro activities in New Orleans and the Russian-speaking community in Dallas. His note threatening to blow up Dallas FBI offices—which was destroyed by FBI officials—indicated that any relationship was hostile. Even if he was an informer for either the CIA or FBI, that would be no indication that either agency was a part of any plot. Only in the unlikely event that congressional investigations provide evidence of a conspiracy would there be any purpose in reopening the entire assassination inquiry.

Robert Kennedy often said that he was satisfied with the Warren Commission's conclusions. During the investigation, he was Attorney General and the boss of J. Edgar Hoover, and he was often consulted by Chief Justice Warren. If dissatisfied, he could readily have shaken up both the FBI and the commission with demands to find out more. Now Senator Edward Kennedy has spoken publicly about the painful topic for the first time in years. Interviewed by TIME Correspondent Hays Gorey, he said: "My brother is gone. He cannot be brought back. With us that has always been the thought that completely filled our minds." As for the Warren investigation: "There were things that should have been done differently. There were mistakes made. But I know of no facts that have been brought to light which would call for a reassessment of the conclusion. I'm fundamentally satisfied with the findings of the Warren Commission."



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DEMOCRATS

And Then There Were Ten

King maker or mischief maker?

Democrats uneasily pondered that question last week as George Corley Wallace, 56, announced that for the fourth time since 1964, he was a candidate for President. He is the tenth Democrat to declare. Although he is paralyzed from the waist down and confined to a wheelchair as a result of the 1972 attempt on his life, Wallace seemed determined to prove he is as salty and vigorous as ever. Appearing on a banner-draped platform at a motel in Montgomery, Ala., he threw away an eleven-page prepared speech and winged it. He was running, he said, to save the great American middle class—"the steel," as he put it, that holds the country together—from the excesses of liberals and Big Government. "You have the chance to take back this country from the ultra-liberalists, who have brought us to this mess."

It sounded like vintage Wallace, but the fact is the feisty Alabamian is working hard to overhaul his image. Earlier in the week he vowed that 1976 "will be my last campaign"—unless, of course, he is campaigning for re-election to the presidency in 1980, an eventuality that strikes everybody but Wallace and his staunchest supporters as inconceivable. Accordingly, Wallace is modifying his style and some—but by no means all—of his themes.

Providing Answers. The "new" Wallace, for example, has erased racial invective from his rhetoric. The man who ran for Governor of Alabama in 1962 on a platform of "segregation now—segregation forever" goes out of his way these days to profess his regard for blacks and all other groups. He never meant to attack a particular race, he insists; his enemy all along was oppressive bureaucracy. In response to charges that he exploits tensions but offers no solutions, Wallace and Joe Azzell, his director of communications, promise a different sort of campaign. "We're no longer going to be simplistic," says Azzell. "We're going to provide answers for the problems of America, not just harp on the problems themselves. We're going to do things the Wallace way, but we'll take ideas wherever we can find them. We read books by Adlai Stevenson, Eugene McCarthy, Richard Scammon [the political analyst], Khrushchev and Nixon."

As an example of the new problem-solving Wallace, Azzell cites the Governor's position on New York City. During his Montgomery announcement, Wallace criticized New York as a "prime example of what the ultra-liberalists can do to a city." But he indicated that he would not oppose some kind of federal assistance, partly because default would have wide-ranging economic con-

sequences. He also attacked the United Nations resolution condemning Zionism as racist (see *THE WORLD*). "We told you years ago that the U.N. was a no-count outfit," he said.

Will the more moderate, if still pugnacious Wallace have as much appeal as the old one? The issues this election year may not be going his way. Wherever the busing controversy flares up, he is helped. But the recession, the energy crisis, détente and the Middle East require more complex responses than Wallace is used to giving. His attacks on bureaucracy are popular, but then there is scarcely a presidential candidate who is not playing the same theme.

His record as Governor is not going



WALLACE ANNOUNCING HIS PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDACY IN MONTGOMERY, ALA.
To save the steel that holds the country together.

to dazzle many voters. Preoccupied with his national ambitions, he has neglected state affairs. While Wallace has procrastinated, U.S. District Judge Frank Johnson has stepped in to order revisions of legislative voting districts and property-tax assessments: he has also directed changes in the state prisons and mental hospitals.

The Governor's health is certain to be an issue. After four major operations and several minor ones, he tires more easily than before, and he will obviously not be able to campaign with all of his former stamina. But Wallace insists that the press has exaggerated his ailments. "I've submitted to the best doctors in the country," he says. "It's an insult to question them." And they have pronounced him fit to run for President. Wallace says he is willing to undergo an independent medical examination if the other candidates do the same. "I'm not going to be the only one."

Wallace has raised more money—\$5.3 million—than any of his rivals and he is much better organized than in

previous presidential tries. His operatives are largely ignoring the states where Democratic delegates are chosen in caucuses or conventions. Instead, they are concentrating on 24 primary states, North and South. In the 1972 campaign, Wallace won primary victories in Florida, Tennessee, North Carolina, Maryland and Michigan, and he placed second in several others.

Leading Candidate. The first primary he enters will be Massachusetts' on March 2. Ordinarily, he would not be given much of a chance in the only state George McGovern carried in 1972, but the busing controversy plays into his outstretched hands. A week later he will be on the ballot in Florida, where he won handily in 1972. This time he will face serious opposition from former Georgia Governor Jimmy Carter, who has been organizing and campaigning in the state for almost a year. Wallace is still expect-

ed to win, but by a reduced margin. If Carter significantly trims his lead, the Alabamian would be badly hurt.

In most polls that exclude Ted Kennedy, Wallace is the leading candidate among Democrats and independents with anywhere from 14% to 25% of the vote; certain polls also indicate that he is disliked by more Democrats than is any of the party's other candidates. He is expected to reach the Democratic convention with as many as 25% to 30% of the delegates, enough to let him throw his weight around—but not to get on the ticket. Of the other announced presidential candidates, only Henry Jackson has suggested a willingness to accept Wallace as a running mate "if he were the choice of the convention."

If the Governor does not get what he wants from the Democrats, he may bolt as he did in 1968 and run once again on a third-party ticket. Which major party would then be hurt the most is hard to tell. Nobody ever quite figured out whether he took more votes away from Nixon or Humphrey in 1968.



GOUGH WHITLAM JUST AFTER BEING OUSTED, WHITLAM'S SUPPORTERS RALLY IN CANBERRA, CARETAKER PRIME MINISTER MALCOLM FRASER

THE WORLD

AUSTRALIA

The Governor General's Coup d'Etat

In days when monarch ruled as well as reigned, sacking a Prime Minister was a well-exercised royal prerogative. Things are supposed to be different nowadays—at least within the British Commonwealth—but it did not seem so in Australia last week. There the personal representative of Queen Elizabeth II, Governor General Sir John Kerr, seemingly seized with the spirit of George III, fired Prime Minister Gough Whitlam, leader of the Labor Party, and installed Opposition Leader Malcolm Fraser as head of a caretaker government. Invoking constitutionally questionable powers never before exercised in Australia, the Governor General also dissolved Parliament and proclaimed new elections for Australia's House and Senate on Dec. 13. From one end of the continent to the other, the public was stunned—and Whitlam's Labor Party supporters were outraged. In Canberra, the federal capital, Kerr's action was being assailed as a "legal coup d'état" that could trigger the most bitter election campaign in Australian history.

As word of Whitlam's ouster spread through Canberra, a crowd of his sympathizers gathered in front of Parliament House chanting: "Shame, Fraser, shame!" and "We want Gough!" Responding to their cries, Whitlam, whose election in 1972 had ended 23 years of rule by conservative parties, emerged to greet the demonstrators and lead them in a chorus of *Solidarity Forever*, international unionism's anthem. In Melbourne, hundreds of protesters stormed the headquarters of Fraser's Liberal Par-

ty, stoned it, and smashed its windows. Melbourne union leaders proclaimed Friday "Stop the State Day," calling on 500,000 workers to strike for four hours and attend a pro-Whitlam rally.

Soaring Shores. Sporadic strikes closed slaughterhouses, steelworks, wharves and construction sites across Australia. When Fraser and his Cabinet arrived at Government House to be sworn in, they came in private cars; government drivers had stopped work to demonstrate for Labor. Warned John Halfpenny, militant secretary of the metalworkers union: "We do not accept

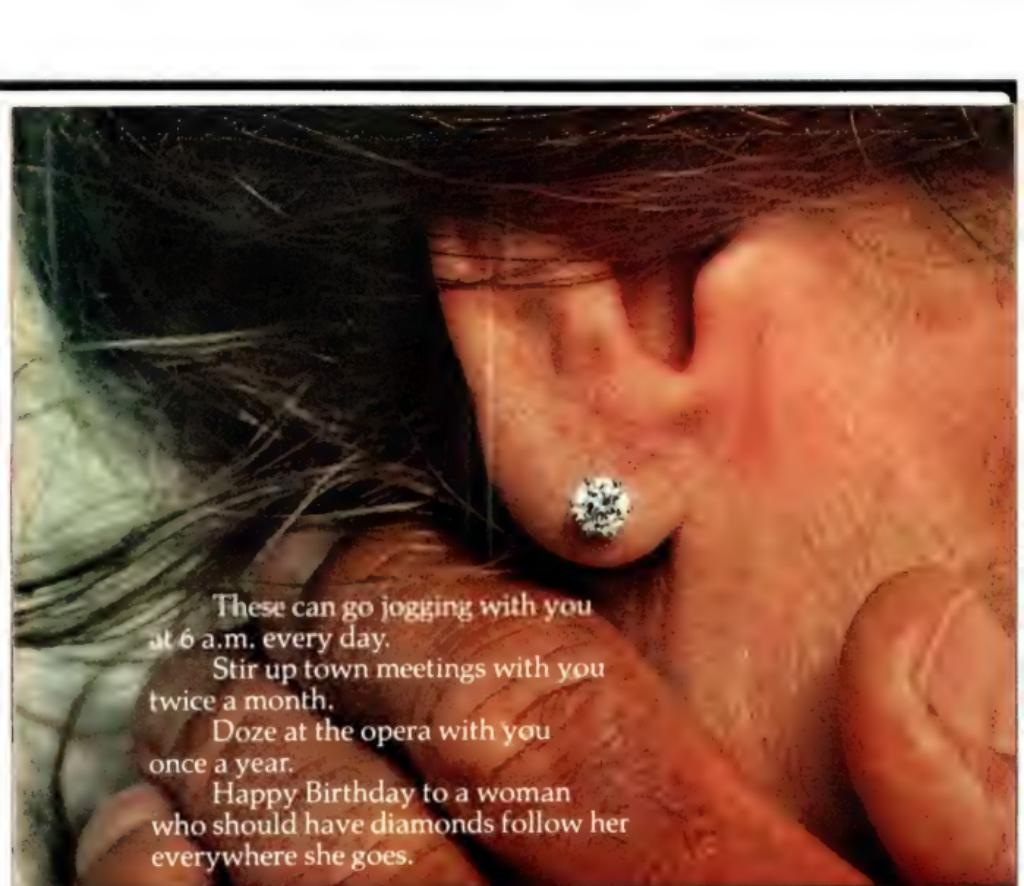
Fraser as Prime Minister. It is a dictatorship, and we will not cooperate with it." Bob Hawke, president of the Australian Council of Trade Unions, however, urged workers to remain calm. At week's end, nonetheless, police tightened security around Fraser after he had received several anonymous threats on his life.

Not all of Australia was behind the deposed Prime Minister. In the trading pits of the stock exchanges, word of Whitlam's ouster was greeted with ear-splitting cheers and a 17-point jump in the Sydney Stock Exchange's index of shares, bringing it to a high for the year. In Brisbane, a woman telephoned a radio station to stress that "for all those in the streets, there are many more in their homes quietly celebrating Whitlam's departure."

The man who sparked the crisis, Sir John Kerr, 61, is a former judge and was appointed Governor General by Whitlam nearly two years ago. As the representative of the British Crown and the symbol of executive authority in Australia—with power to "summon, prorogue and dissolve" Parliament—the Governor General has always acted only on the advice of the leaders of the party commanding a majority in the House of Representatives, the lower house of the Australian Parliament. Since his Labor Party holds 65 of the 127 seats in the House, Whitlam certainly could expect that the Governor General would take orders from him. Nonetheless, Sir John, who was an active member of the Labor Party until 1956, decided to move

GOVERNOR GENERAL SIR JOHN KERR





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THE WORLD

against the Prime Minister. The reason Whitlam appeared unable to end a month-old political stalemate that had brought the country to the brink of financial paralysis (TIME, Nov. 10). The Senate, narrowly controlled by a conservative coalition of Fraser's Liberals and the National Country Party, had invoked a never-before-used right and refused to pass the Prime Minister's budget.

Fraser vowed that the Senate would tie up the budget bill until Whitlam called for new elections. Whitlam stood firm. Meanwhile, the budget bill remained in limbo, and the treasury began to run dry. The crisis was due to come at the end of November, when there would be insufficient funds to meet the \$26 million weekly payroll for the country's 70,000 member armed forces. To avoid this, the Governor General, without consulting Queen Elizabeth, decided to act.

Terse Letter. Last week, Whitlam called on Sir John at his residence, Yarrawonga. After the Prime Minister said he would not recommend a general election, Sir John handed him a terse, four-paragraph letter stating: "I hereby determine I withdrawl your appointment as head of government and the appointments of all the ministers in your cabinet." The Governor General then received Fraser, who had been waiting—unknown to Whitlam—in an anteroom. After agreeing that he would not institute new policies or dismiss government officials, Fraser was directed by Kerr to form a caretaker Cabinet that will govern until the elections.

In a statement to the press, Sir John defended his unprecedented action as a "democratic and constitutional solution to the current crisis." The new elections, he argued, will enable "the people to decide the issue which the two leaders have failed to settle." Meanwhile, the Senate majority under orders from Fraser approved the budget and adjourned, thus ending the fiscal impasse.

At week's end the election campaign was beginning to take shape. Whitlam will obviously try to capitalize on the public's anger at what it considers to be Kerr's usurpation of power; he hoped to gain a large sympathy vote by hammering away at the theme that Fraser gained office shamefully. As he told a press conference last week: "Clearly the great issue, almost the sole issue of this campaign will be whether the government which the people elect with a majority in the House of Representatives will be allowed to govern from now on." The Labor Party will also stress the so-

cial reforms instituted by Whitlam's Cabinet: abolition of fees at universities, a national health insurance scheme, increased welfare payments, no-fault divorce and wide-ranging consumer protection laws.

Fraser is expected to base his campaign on themes he has been pounding at for months: the scandals involving some of Whitlam's close aides, Labor's antibusiness attitude and the mismanagement of the economy that has led to a current 16.9% annual rate of inflation and the worst unemployment since the 1930s.

Shabby Scandals. "Ultimately, the election will be decided by the 10% of the voters, mostly of the middle class who swing from party to party," reported TIME Correspondent John Dunn. "It is doubtful if the sympathy they today feel for Whitlam will last the month until they reach the ballot box. By then, they are more likely to be influenced by the problems of the economy and recollection of the shabby scandals. Thus Fraser's coalition may just retain the government that came its way so surprisingly this week."

Even if the Liberal-Country Party coalition carries the House of Representatives, there is a chance that Labor will win in the Senate, which could mean a replay of the budget impasse that caused the current crisis. This possibility makes it almost certain that no matter who wins the authority of the Senate will be trimmed, and if Whitlam wins, Sir John may well be forced to resign. When his secretary finished his proclamation to Parliament with the traditional "God save the Queen," Whitlam had an angry riposte. "Well may we say God save the Queen," he shouted, "because nothing will save the Governor General!"

ANGOLA

A Brief Ceremony, A Long Civil War

In a deafening barrage of automatic weapons fire, independence came to Angola at midnight last Monday after nearly 500 years as a Portuguese colony. The territory's new beginning as an independent state was inauspicious: the liberation movements that have been fighting for control of Angola (TIME, Nov. 17) promptly set up two rival republics, each with its own government and capital. Faced with these opposing claims, the last Portuguese high commissioner, Admiral Leonel Cardoso, refused to turn over authority to anyone. "I regret that it is not possible for me to participate in any ceremony to mark this great hour for the people of Angola," he said.

In Luanda, Agostinho Neto, head of the Soviet-backed MPLA, announced the birth of the People's Republic of Angola. More or less at the same time, Holden Roberto of the F.N.T.A. (backed by Zaire, France and the U.S.) and Jonas Savimbi of UNITA (aided by Portuguese and South African business interests) jointly declared that they had formed the Democratic People's Republic of Angola, with a temporary capital in the southern city of Huambo, formerly Nova Lisboa.

TIME Nairobi Bureau Chief Lee Griggs, who observed independence-day celebrations in Luanda, reported that "the excited MPLA soldiers began indiscriminately firing their rifles in the air. Some shots whizzed less than 20 feet over the heads of the frightened

MACHETE-WAVING M.P.L.A. BACKERS IN LUANDA CELEBRATE INDEPENDENCE AT MIDNIGHT RALLY



THE WORLD

crowd. A Red Cross DC-6, returning to the nearby airport from a relief mission, was hit by two bullets as it made its final approach but managed to land safely. The incident was quickly reported to a Portuguese Airways Boeing 747 entering the pattern, causing the cautious pilot to change course and head back to Lisbon. Ironically, the jumbo jet was packed with leftist dignitaries from Eastern Europe, Portugal and Viet Nam who were heading to Luanda to attend the M.P.L.A.'s independence festivities. Thus the ranks of visiting VIPs in Luanda were embarrassingly thin.

The following day, after being sworn in as President in Luanda's faded green city hall, Neto reviewed his forces. Past him paraded M.P.L.A. regulars, with their Soviet-built mobile anti-aircraft guns, automatic weapons and armored cars. Then came brigades of the Young Pioneers, boys aged eight to twelve, dressed in cut-down camouflage uniforms. They, along with recently trained civilians, will be mobilized if the capital comes under attack.

Blood and Tears. The chances of such an attack are growing. In Huambo, after lighting a freedom torch, UNITA's chief Savimbi told a crowd that "these celebrations may last a day, but our war for final victory—through blood and tears—will take much longer."

In that war, the F.N.I.A. and UNITA forces have made spectacular gains in recent weeks. Two months ago, the M.P.L.A. controlled twelve of Angola's 16 districts; it now appears to have only six. At week's end columns of troops were moving toward Luanda from two sides: the F.N.I.A. was a mere dozen miles to the north of the city and had already come close enough to mortar the pipeline carrying the capital its water from the Bengo River. As a result, the few VIPs attending the M.P.L.A.'s independence ceremonies were unshaven and unshaven. Meanwhile, UNITA was moving up from the south and could soon be in position to threaten the city's sole electric-power source. Lacking both water and electricity, Luanda would have difficulty in holding out for very long.

The Communist countries are desperately trying to shore up the M.P.L.A. government. With the Portuguese presence at an end, truckloads of unarmed M.P.L.A. troops rolled into Luanda's port area unchallenged and emerged bristling with automatic rifles and grenade launchers. "We have no problem with arms and ammunition," explained one military commander. "Tactics and training are what we lack, but we are overcoming that with the help of friends."

(When the Soviets tried to pressure Uganda, the U.S.S.R.'s main African ally, to back the M.P.L.A., they were scathingly rebuffed. Uganda's merciful dictator Idi ("Big Daddy") Amin asserted: "The Soviet Union must not dictate to me what I should do."

At week's end there were many unconfirmed reports from African capitals that the Soviets had moved as many as 400 military personnel and technicians, as well as some 200 tanks, into Luanda to aid the M.P.L.A. The Russians will reportedly man tanks and supply crews for MIG-21 planes. If these stories are true, the U.S. can be expected to protest vigorously. Earlier last week Secretary of State Henry Kissinger warned strongly and publicly against "extra-continental" interference in Angola, singling out the Soviets and Cubans as prime offenders.

As huge supplies of Russian arms continue to pour into Luanda, the M.P.L.A. admitted that 1,200 Cuban combat troops had arrived. They will reinforce an estimated 1,000 soldiers and 700 advisers Cuba had previously sent to Neto. The M.P.L.A.'s main problem, reports Griggs, seems to be poor tactics and poor discipline. Cuban advisers assigned to the southern front complain that they have been stranded in unfamiliar territory when M.P.L.A. units broke and ran under fire.

Most foreign observers doubt that either the M.P.L.A. or the UNITA-F.N.I.A. coalition is strong enough to win a decisive victory. A long civil war in Angola, however, could involve an increasing number of interested nations. Zaire for example, might find itself in conflict with the Congo Republic over control of the rich oil deposits in the M.P.L.A.-controlled enclave of Cabinda. Last week there were reports of clashes between units of a Zaire-backed independence front in Cabinda and M.P.L.A. soldiers. Moreover, the Soviet Union seems alarmingly determined to make Angola—by means of the M.P.L.A.—a major Communist enclave in Africa.

UNITED NATIONS

Zionism Vote: Rage & Discord

"The United States," said Ambassador Daniel P. Moynihan with controlled fury, "rises to declare before the General Assembly of the United Nations and before the world that it does not acknowledge, it will not abide by, it will never acquiesce in this infamous act." The target of Moynihan's scorn

and a chorus of bitter outrage throughout the Western world last week was a General Assembly resolution declaring that "Zionism is a form of racism and racial discrimination."

Adaman Rejection. In the month since the U.N.'s ill-named Social, Humanitarian and Cultural Committee approved a draft linking Zionism and racism (TIME, Oct. 27), the U.S. and its Western European allies had lobbied furiously to get the impending vote postponed if not quashed. But Arab lobbying won in the end. The resolution passed easily, 72-35, with 32 abstentions. Two other resolutions directed against Israel were approved by much wider margins. One creates a 20-member committee to try to set up in what is now Israel the sort of "democratic secular state" the Palestine Liberation Organization has demanded. The other mandates a seat for the P.L.O. at any Geneva talks on the Middle East, a condition that Israel adamantly rejects.

The votes led even the professionally neutral Kurt Waldheim to express dismay. The U.N.'s Secretary-General deplored the danger that "we may lose



Demonstrators protesting General Assembly vote at rally in Manhattan. Angry American Jews were proud to be Zionists.



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the future through discord and confrontation." More predictably, Secretary of State Henry Kissinger said the resolution was "highly irresponsible" and had "added to the tensions, to the rifts and to the distrust" in the world. Congress was less restrained. Both houses denounced the action and promised an immediate reappraisal of U.S. involvement in the U.N. Conservative Senator James Buckley of New York charged that "the General Assembly has decided to institutionalize one of the world's most vile and ancient prejudices: anti-Semitism."

Israelis greeted the resolutions with emotions ranging from mockery to deep anxiety. In several cities of Israel, streets that had been named for the U.N.—which had created the Jewish state in its 1947 partition of Palestine—were retitled "Zionism Street" or "Zion Street." Some young Israelis wore T-shirts proclaiming U.N. INTERNATIONAL ZIONISM YEAR, but Premier Yitzhak Rabin denounced the U.N. action as an "of-fensive aimed at establishing an Aramaic state" on the ruins of Israel.

Imperialist Ideology. American Jews were even angrier. At a mass rally in Manhattan, 40,000 people waved Zionist banners, sported buttons proclaiming I AM PROUD TO BE A ZIONIST and hoisted placards charging that the U.N. had succumbed to Nazism. Black Civil Rights Leader Bayard Rustin cited the Arabs' long involvement in the African slave trade. "Shame on them!" thundered Rustin. "[They] are the same people who enslaved my people."

Jews themselves once argued heatedly about the merits of Zionism, after the old religious yearning for the biblical homeland was translated into a national liberation movement to create a Jewish state in Palestine. For most Jews the argument became moot in the wake of the Six-Day War of 1967 and the Yom Kippur War of 1973, which represented unmistakable threats to the existence of Israel. Arab leaders frequently make a distinction between Judaism, which they claim to respect as a biblical religion that is a spiritual precursor of Islam, and Zionism, which they see as an outdated colonialist and imperialist ideology imported from Europe. The Jewish answer is that today this is a distinction without a difference: attacking Zionism means threatening the very existence of Israel.

As Ambassador Moynihan argued in last week's U.N. debate, "Whatever else Zionism may be, it clearly is not a form of racism." The word racism denotes an ideology, such as Nazism or apartheid, which favors discrimination on the grounds of alleged biological differences. Yet few people are as biologically heterogeneous as the Jews.

The Assembly resolution, however, couples "racism" with "racial discrimination," which by the U.N.'s own canons includes ethnic discrimination as well. Israel's record is more vulnerable

on that charge: Arab speakers in the U.N. debate ticked off a number of examples of discrimination against Arabs in the occupied territories, including restrictions on travel and harassment by police. Most galling to the Arabs is Israel's Law of Return, which grants instant citizenship to any Jew who immigrates to Israel from anywhere in the world, while Palestinian Arabs who fled their homeland during the 1948 war are still, in most cases, prevented from returning. In answer, Israelis point out that the 470,000 Palestinians who live within Israel's pre-1967 borders are not subject to any legal discrimination, and indeed, enjoy civil rights that few Jews in Arab countries could dream of.

Some of the nations that voted for the Zionism resolution last week were scarcely qualified to cast the first stone. Idi Amin's Uganda is a notorious example: Asian citizens were summarily expelled and at least 50,000 Ugandans of various tribes have been murdered while Amin has promoted fellow Moslems and his own Kikwa tribesmen.

The blatant cynicism of the vote not only corroded the moral authority of the General Assembly but gravely undermined a very real racism issue important to some nations that voted for the resolution. Apartheid in South Africa was the original target of the U.N.'s Decade for Action to Combat Racism, but that campaign has now been yoked with the bogus condemnation of Zionism. The U.S. and other Western governments are now expected at least to withhold financial support from the program. Apparently realizing that, five African states voted against the Zionism resolution and eleven others abstained—a sign that the week's work may yet backfire against its perpetrators.

Premier PINHEIRO DE AZEVEDO



PORTUGAL

To the Brink of Chaos Again

The march of 60,000 construction workers on Lisbon's São Bento Palace last week started out like the countless other protest parades and rallies that are a recurring feature of life in Portugal these days. But then the leftist-led hard-hats added a new twist. Massing on the steps of the legislative palace, they blocked the doors of the building in which 150 members of the constituent assembly were laboring over a new constitution. They also backed huge trucks against the entrances to Premier José Pinheiro de Azevedo's official residence next door and warned that Premier and assembly would remain prisoners until they lifted a wage freeze and authorized 30% annual pay increases for the construction men, totaling \$240 million. After 37 hours as a prisoner in his residence, Pinheiro de Azevedo reluctantly agreed and the siege was ended.

The humiliating demonstration of leftist power threatened to bring down the sixth revolutionary government in 18 months. With the motto "Discipline! Discipline!", Premier Pinheiro de Azevedo, a moderate, has been trying since he assumed office two months ago to restore government authority and military subordination to it, which had gradually collapsed during the previous five governments. So far he has had little success—and last week's surrender to the hard-hats was a case in point.

Popular Support. Portugal's construction industry has been moribund since the April 1974 revolution. Partly this is because many builders were speculators who kept afloat on the basis of loans from now nationalized banks that have cut off their credit lines. There has also been so much chaos in Lisbon that the government has been unable to accept several million dollars worth of loans from the U.S. for housing projects that have yet to materialize. With thousands of construction men already out of work, the government estimates that the new wage increases will wipe out many of the remaining private building firms.

Pinheiro de Azevedo has managed to rally popular support for his brand of compromise politics. Aware of this, the left last week moved stridently to block him. A rally by Socialists and Popular Democrats in Lisbon's Terreiro de Paço Square in support of the Premier's programs was interrupted by



CONSTRUCTION WORKERS BARRICADING SÃO BENTO PALACE IN LISBON TO DEMAND HIGHER WAGES FROM THE GOVERNMENT

radical leftist hecklers and then panicked by charging military police, who fired over the crowd and flailed spectators with rifle butts. After tear gas was mysteriously touched off, Pinheiro de Azevedo concluded his remarks with weepy eyes and wet cheeks.

Popular Democratic Leader Francisco Sá Carneiro and other moderate politicians charged that the siege of Pinheiro de Azevedo's residence was part of a Communist plot to overthrow this government and install a militant left-wing regime. Communist Boss Alvaro Cunhal answered that his party sympathized with the construction workers' strike but disapproved of the lock-in of Pinheiro de Azevedo. In fact, the Communists control the hardhats' unions, and there was little doubt that the protest march had been timed to coincide with Angolan independence. Premier Pinheiro de Azevedo, President Francisco da Costa Gomes and other moderates in the Armed Forces Movement favor a coalition government for Portugal's former colony that would involve all three liberation movements. The Communists support the Marxist, Soviet-backed M.P.L.A. faction that rules Luanda, and by such tactics as the siege of São Bento hope to bring down the government and form a new one in Lisbon that backs their ideological allies in Africa.

People's Army. The leftists seem to be convinced that Pinheiro de Azevedo's hold on the country is still fragile enough to be smashed. The Premier looked forceful two weeks ago when loyal troops blew up Radio Renascença, a Catholic broadcasting station that leftists had seized to beam antigovernment propaganda. But then Air Force General José Moraes da Silva tactlessly explained that it was necessary to destroy

the station because not enough trustworthy troops were available in Lisbon either to seize and hold it or else fend off radicals while the broadcasting equipment was removed.

At week's end, Portugal was again slipping dangerously close to civil war or at best another government shake-up. In Lisbon's Military Academy the Gonçalvista, a group of 60 radical officers who remain loyal to former Premier Vasco dos Santos Gonçalves, who was deposed two months ago by the armed forces in favor of Pinheiro de Azevedo, met openly to propose a "people's army" and "people's assembly."

In past crises, the Armed Forces Movement (M.F.A.), the group of officers who engineered the revolution 18 months ago, has ultimately stepped in to damp down the troubles. This time the movement was as fractured as the country, leading one Socialist to ask desperately last week, "Where is the M.F.A.? Are they in Portugal? Are they on vacation?" They were in Portugal, to be sure, but not very effectively. Instead of dispatching troops to free his beleaguered Premier, Costa Gomes appeared on television to moralize ("Anarchy is the ally of reaction") and appeal for "serenity and reflection." General Otelo Saraiva de Carvalho, who heads the internal security forces and fancies himself an Iberian Fidel Castro was away in the south praising the revolutionary spirit of Communist farm workers and assuring them that "Otelo is with the *povo* [people]." In past confrontations, Saraiva de Carvalho has cannily shifted from faction to faction depending on the advantage. The fact that he was with "the people" this time was proof enough that the government was in trouble.

NORTH AFRICA

After the March

Exhausted after a four-day foray into the salt flats of the Spanish Sahara (TIME, Nov. 17), Morocco's 350,000 "peace marchers" were loaded into trucks last week and driven back to tent camps at Tarfaya, 21 miles north of the Sahara border. The marchers, never told of the international uproar their crusade had caused, were bewildered by the abrupt about-face. But they obediently abdicated out their roles in one of the greatest anticlimaxes in recent history.

Although the marchers had advanced only 7.4 miles into the Sahara — where their progress was blocked by Spanish minefields — King Hassan insisted that this token invasion had achieved its goal.

Combat Alert. And by week's end it seemed that it had. Madrid announced that it would complete a phased withdrawal of Spanish troops from the Sahara by Feb. 28, 1976 and share its administration of the territory until then with Morocco and Mauritania. The agreement also stipulates that the Sahara's 70,000 tribesmen be "consulted" about their future. But the accord in effect will allow Morocco and Mauritania to partition the territory between them.

One problem remains: Algeria which threatened to go to war over Morocco's annexation attempt, still opposes any settlement that is not based on a United Nations referendum. Algerian army units have been placed on combat alert near the Sahara border, and the Polisario, an Algerian-backed Saharan liberation group, says its guerrillas are ready to move into any vacuum created by the withdrawal of Spanish forces.

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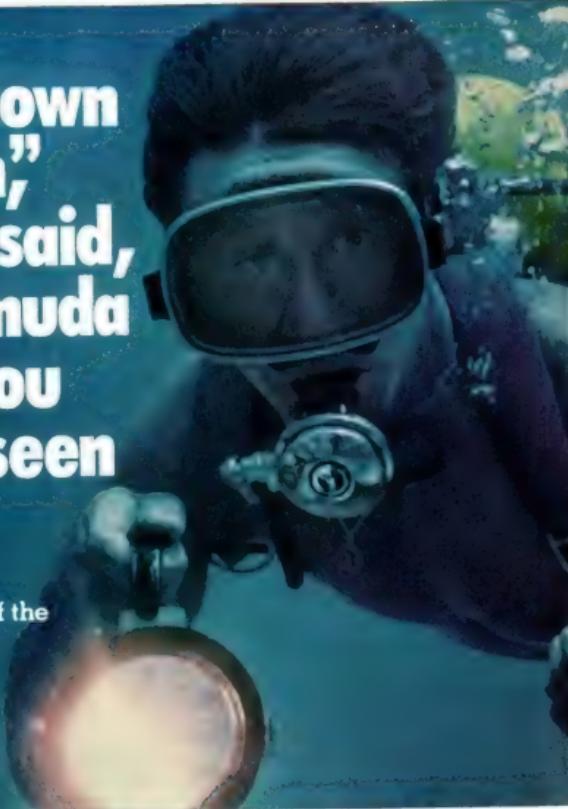
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again."**

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'The 'Bermuda Triangle' fascinated Sari and me. So we decided to explore the mysteries of this 440,000 square mile area whose apexes are Bermuda, Miami and San Juan. Why, for example, had 60 ships and 40 planes vanished without a trace in the past 50 years?



"We found one of the 'Triangle's' victims. When we left it, a powerful current made it nearly impossible to surface. Somehow we broke its grip and what seemed like an evil spell. Back on board ship our guide had another warning: 'De Debbil let you get away dis time, but soon or late he get you, sure.'



"Later, we toasted our adventure with Canadian Club at Waterloo House in Hamilton, Bermuda." Why is C.C. so universally popular? No other whisky tastes quite like it. Lighter than Scotch, smoother than vodka... it has a consistent mellowness that never stops pleasing. For 117 years, this Canadian has been in a class by itself.



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**IT WILL TAKE YOU BY
STORM** 

ARGENTINA

Rent-an-Army

Just about the only real growth industry in inflation-racked Argentina these days is the security business. The unceasing wave of terrorism has created a booming market for private armies of security agents who follow likely targets of guerrilla violence around the city during the day and watch over their sleep at night. The guards wear bullet-proof vests and carry shotguns, often discreetly wrapped in brown paper. On the street their coats bulge over hidden hand grenades. They stand guard in front of hotel rooms, communicating by walkie-talkie with their colleagues outside. Trip wires and hidden microphones protect them against surprise attacks by terrorists.

As Argentina drifts into chaos, union leaders, government officials, diplomats and foreign corporation executives all have reason to fear for their lives. The uncertainty was compounded last week when President Isabel Perón returned home from the hospital amidst persistent rumors that she was about to resign. So far this year more than 700 people have died through political violence, and unofficial estimates put kidnappings at over 250. Largely as a result, Buenos Aires now has 200 or so licensed protection agencies, although most of the business is done by a dozen top firms. One of the largest is Organización Seguridad Integral, S.A., run by Luis P. Occhizzi Agrelo, a retired commissary inspector of the federal police. O.S.I. can draw on a supply of 1,000 men, mostly former soldiers and police or moonlighting off-duty cops, for special missions. About 100 of them have been given special anti-kidnapping training.

The methods and weapons employed are not always officially approved. Some guards are trained to scatter jagged *miguelitos* (twisted nails) from armored cars to block off escape routes. Private security vehicles sometimes carry flamethrowers. "Some agencies use all the methods of the guerrillas," says Agrelo. "But the best weapon is to prevent an attack from occurring. If an executive knows what to look for and is trained in anti-kidnapping techniques, all the arms become almost unnecessary."

All Devices. The most heavily guarded buildings in Buenos Aires are the U.S. embassy and residence: 250 men, including Marines, federal police and contract guards, take turns providing security for the embassy and its staff. All 90 American employees are linked by a radio network 24 hours a day, and newcomers to Argentina are urged to live in a central residential area patrolled by embassy cars. Like most ranking Argentine politicians, U.S. Ambassador Robert C. Hill travels in an armored car, surrounded by a flotilla of heavily armed vehicles. The armor for many of the vulnerable VIPs is provided

by Protección Argentina y Seguridad, a company that started out building armored trucks for banks. "We can make a car like James Bond's, with all his devices in it," claims Miguel Angel Caballero, the company's director. "The only thing we haven't managed yet is to make one that will fly." For about \$7,000, P.A.Y.S. will transform any regular production-model Argentine car into a rolling fortress, with sufficient armor to withstand small-arms fire and yet maneuverable enough to speed away from a kidnap attempt.

Some people question the effectiveness of the private guards. Moonlighting police, for example, can hardly be expected to be wide awake after having put in eight hours on another job. Moreover, a modest deployment of guards seems to present terrorists with no serious problems. When Juan and Jorge Born, owners of Argentina's largest private company, were kidnaped in September 1974, their two guards were simply held at gunpoint by one squad of guerrillas while another forced the brothers from the car. Frightened customers, therefore, contract not just for single guards but for whole squads of them, and they are willing to pay a high price. Round-the-clock protection by three guard posts costs about \$5,400 a month. Visiting executives pay anywhere from \$600 to \$1,300 a day.

SPAIN

Relics of the Future

The unprepossessing gray stucco building in the working-class Parisian suburb of Boulogne hardly looks like an official seat of government. No bronze plaque or carved insignia identifies the occupants of the four-room ground-floor apartment at 56 Avenue Jean-Jaurès as ministers of a republic that is almost a half-century old. Inside, however, there are clues. A large reproduction of Picasso's *Guernica* adorns one wall, and a small, faded red, yellow and purple flag flutters above a desk cluttered with state documents. Here last week, as they have for the past 30 years, the ministers of the Spanish Republican government in exile gathered for a three-hour Cabinet meeting to discuss the political future of a Spain without Franco.

Members of the present Cabinet, the seventh since government headquarters was moved to France from Mexico in 1945, include three veterans of the Spanish Civil War—President José Maldonado, 74, Premier Fernando Valera, 79, and Deputy Premier Julio Just, 81—plus four younger refugees from more recent political purges in Franco's Spain. In addition to the Boulogne headquarters, there are embassies in Mexico and Yugoslavia, the only two countries that recognize the Republicans as the legitimate government of Spain. The government publishes monthly newspapers in Paris,

Mexico City, New York and Buenos Aires, and it issues passports, which are useful only if the bearer limits his travel to Mexico and Yugoslavia. The government also bestows medals upon Defenders of the Republic. The decoration has been awarded to French Philosopher Albert Camus. British Employment Secretary Michael Foot and Trades Union Leader Jack Jones. To finance their activities, the Republicans rely upon the generosity of supporters willing to buy government bonds that are based on the Civil War value of the peseta (5 to the dollar) and backed by no known resources.

President Maldonado, who teaches Spanish at the University of Paris, insists that his government is not simply

DAVID HOLLAND



PRESIDENT JOSÉ MALDONADO
No bronze plaques.

a relic of the past: "We are the future of Spain. We alone represent the vast majority of Spanish who are Republicans." The attempt to return Spain to monarchy through the succession of Prince Juan Carlos, warns Maldonado, "will necessarily lead to violence and chaos." Premier Valera is more specific: "For the usurper Juan Carlos, we foresee a war without mercy. Instead of climbing carpeted stairs to the throne, he will be forced to mount the scaffold. Regicide awaits him."

Many exiles concede, however, that Spain's younger liberals and leftists probably do not even think about the government in exile any more. Even the fiery Valera has had moments of realistic resignation. "We're getting old," he said at a Republican gathering in 1974. "and we'll disappear soon. We won't

THE WORLD

ever take over." At least one triumph, however, seemed virtually assured to Valera and his fellow veterans. They were close to winning their 40-year struggle to outlive the Generalissimo.

WEST GERMANY

Lining Up the Ducks

During a recent visit to Peking, Chancellor Helmut Schmidt went to see a model farm that raised poultry for the city's best restaurants. Surveying hundreds of quacking ducks, he murmured, "They remind me of my party congress."

Schmidt was only half joking. Since becoming Chancellor 18 months ago, he has stood somewhat aloof from his Social Democratic Party, refusing to get involved in the endless theoretical debates on how democratic socialism should be built. Instead, the cool, pragmatic Chancellor has concentrated on managing West Germany's affairs of state. Although Schmidt has always been highly regarded by the voters (in one recent poll, 70% of the West Germans gave him a favorable rating), he has never been popular with his party's left wing, the *Jusos* (Young Socialists). Complicating matters, ex-Chancellor Willy Brandt, who remains as chairman of the party, has often appeared to be denying Schmidt his allegiance by allowing the left to speak up against government policy. Lack of support from Schmidt's own party could be disastrous in 1976, when he will have to fight for re-election. Thus, as the S.P.D. congress got under way at Mannheim's Rosengarten last week, the question on everybody's mind was would Brandt back up Schmidt and rally the party behind the Chancellor in his re-election bid.

Brandt did, in a 2-hr 10-min speech. Standing under a gigantic orange and white banner bearing the current party slogan—RESPONSIBILITY FOR GERMANY—Brandt urged Social Democrats to "stand in full solidarity behind the Chancellor and the government he leads." He smacked down the left, telling them that abstract discussions were no help: "You can't do anything with the colored balloons of philosophic formulas and quick and easy slogans." Brandt defended the party's coalition with the Free Democrats and lashed out at the opposition Christian Democrats for negativist policies. The C.D.U., he declared, "is becoming a security risk for our country."

After that rousing curtain raiser, Schmidt had the convention in his lap. In a conciliatory speech full of profuse praise for Brandt, the Chancellor reassured the 436 delegates that his government was doing everything possible to advance the party's aims, within the limitations of the coalition. The congress voted down a laundry list of *Jusos* resolutions calling for government control of industrial investments, nationalization of key industries and banks, a \$1,953 limitation on monthly personal incomes and a hefty "luxury" tax on a wide variety of consumer goods.

Brandt and Schmidt were re-elected to their party posts, with 407 votes each. This was nothing short of a triumph for Schmidt, who in 1973 had received only 286 votes for vice-chairman. The Chancellor can now go into the election campaign with firm assurance that his party is behind him.

THE PHILIPPINES

His and Hers

When martial law was established in the Philippines three years ago, it seemed that President Ferdinand Marcos' one-man rule was safe from any challenge. Now, though, it seems that a formidable contender for power and popularity has emerged on the Philippine political scene: his wife, Imelda Marcos, 46, who was elected Miss Manila in 1953, was appointed last week general manager of Manila, which was enlarged by the incorporation of its suburban towns. As ruler of the nation's wealthiest and most populous (5.5 million) area, Mrs. Marcos is now the second most influential politician in the Philippines after her husband.

President Marcos, of course, made the appointment and administered the oath of office. But Marcos' role as the most public personality in the Phil-



PRESIDENT MARCOS SWEARS IN MANAGER MARCOS
Towering over other candidates.

ippines is being challenged by Imelda. Recently Mrs. Marcos has made state visits to China and Cuba in lieu of her husband. The press these days gives almost as much attention to her charitable and cultural activities—among other things, she is the nation's chief Girl Scout and head of the Nutrition Foundation of the Philippines—as they do to President Marcos' law-and-order policies. She is responsible for a \$12.5 million cultural center in Manila and for a five-mile-long, green and white balustrade running the length of Manila harbor that has been ironically dubbed "the Great Wall of China."

Mrs. Marcos' ceremonial activities have become increasingly political of late. She has her own loyalists in the government and has reportedly influenced political appointments, thereby leading Filipinos to refer to "his" and "her" governments in Malacañang Palace. As manager of the city, she faces problems that rival those of New York's Abraham Beame. Floods during the rainy season annually cause millions of dollars in property losses; equally damaging fires break out regularly during dry months. Poverty is rampant, with its attendant ills of malnutrition, disease, crime, urban decay and omnipresent filth. Imelda's first order as manager last week was to order a cleanup of the city, in preparation for President Gerald Ford's state visit in December. How well she can cope with the city's problems may help determine her political future in a country where elections have been suspended. "In any case," observed a high government official last week, "she towers above all other possible candidates as the natural successor to the President."



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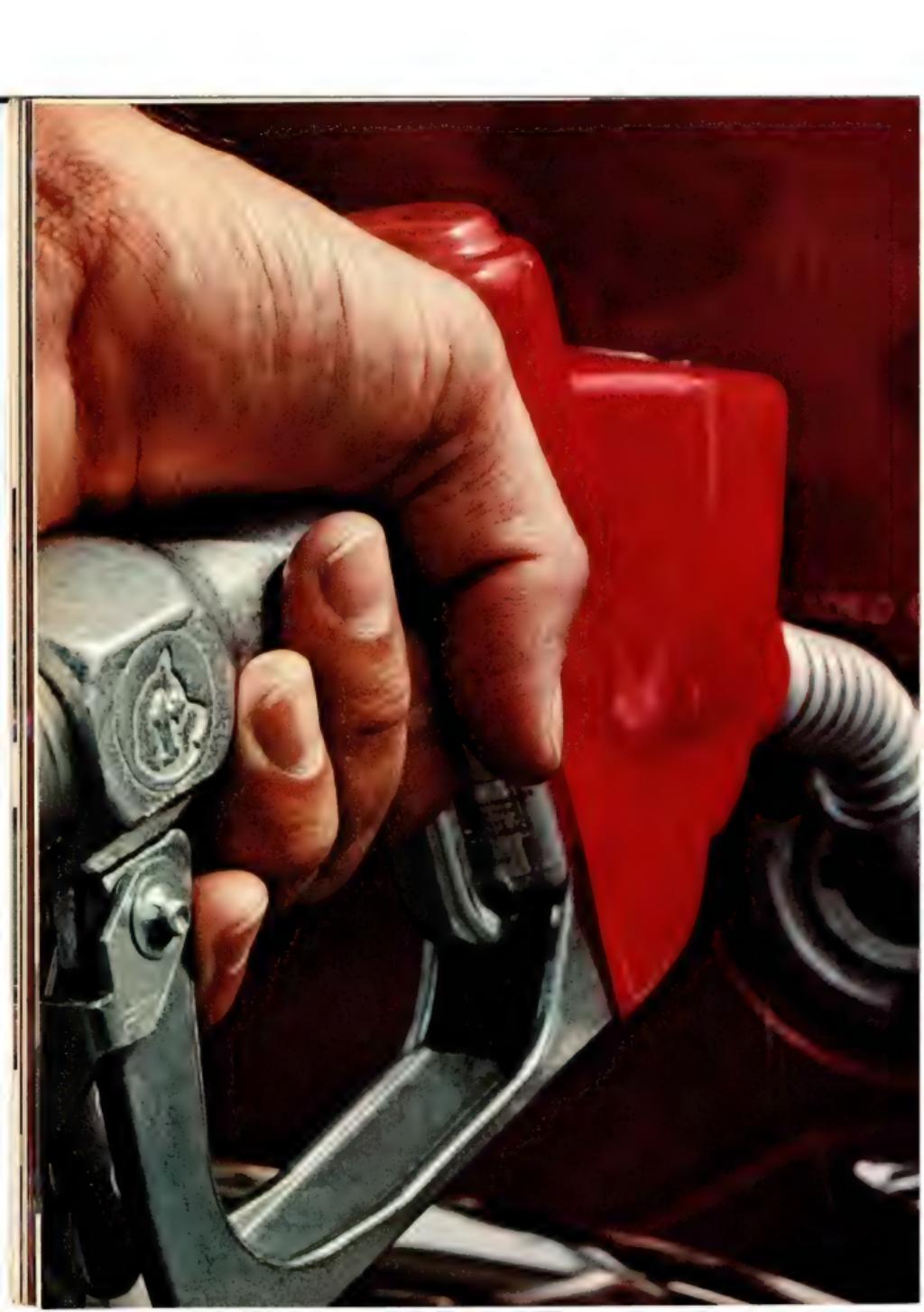
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PEOPLE

One rich supporter re-wrote his will to cancel a \$1 million bequest: a school official received a hate letter addressed "Dear Communist Pimp." The reason? A black-studies director at Claremont Colleges near Los Angeles had hired Communist **Angela Davis** as a part-time lecturer. Said Davis back in a classroom for the first time since U.C.L.A. fired her in 1970: "All I was interested in was teaching a nice, small, quiet seminar. I really didn't want it to become a carnival-type situation." So as soon as she got through her first class, she set off for New York City to help another bashed fighter. Heavyweight Champ **Muhammad Ali**, promote his new autobiography

He seldom smiled, never allowed his guests to smoke, and in 28 years as moderator of NBC's *Meet the Press* turned the Q. and A. into a branch of the martial arts. Even so, when **Lawrence Spivak**, 75, faced his final guest, **President Ford**, and went on to a party in his honor last week, some 250 politicians and former panelists came by to bid farewell. Among those on hand

LILLIAN HELLMAN & FAN JANE FONDA



ACTIVIST ANGELA DAVIS & AUTHOR MUHAMMAD ALI

Senator **Ted Kennedy**, Vice President **Nelson Rockefeller** and **James Farley**, 87, Franklin Roosevelt's Postmaster General and Spivak's first *Meet the Press* TV guest back in 1947. The bonhomie pleased Spivak but did not soften him up. "Somebody once told me," he recalled with satisfaction, "you've made a career out of saying things other people would get punched in the nose for suggesting."

"I'm always nervous when I hear my own plays," confessed **Lillian Hellman**, 70, who gritted her way through an evening of Hellman read by the likes of **Christopher Plummer**, **Mildred Natwick**, and **Jane Fonda**. The New York City tribute to the playwright benefited the Committee for Public Justice, a civil liberties organization she founded in 1970. Noting that friends she had not seen in 20 years had called up asking for tickets, the author of *The Little Foxes* and *The Children's Hour* greeted the occasion with typical hauteur. "I'm appalled," she laughed. "Appalled that anyone would think I'm handling the tickets."

Four months after his father disappeared, Son **James Hoffa** has put his own campaign for union office into gear. Appearing at Teamsters' Local 299 in Detroit, the younger Hoffa, 34, won a landslide election to a \$400-per-week job as the local's director of organizers. Meanwhile, his father fired a few parting shots in the December issue of *Playboy*, which had interviewed him before he vanished on July 30. "The only guy who needs a bodyguard is a liar, a cheat, a guy who betrays friendship," Jimmy told *Playboy's* reporter. "Never was afraid in my life and don't intend to start tomorrow. Who's gonna bother me?"

Viet "was the answer to **Andrei Sakharov**, 54, after he applied for an exit visa to Norway to claim his 1975 Nobel



Peace Prize. The Soviet H-bomb pioneer was told he was barred from travel because of his knowledge of state secrets, but more probably it was because of his crusade for civil liberties in the U.S.S.R. Sakharov's distinguished predecessors, Authors **Boris Pasternak** (*Doctor Zhivago*) and **Alexander Solzhenitsyn** (*One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*), were denied visas when they won Nobel Prizes for Literature in 1958 and 1970.

Now in Morocco filming *The Life of Jesus*, Director **Franco Zeffirelli** has assembled a decidedly ecumenical

cast. To portray Christ at various stages of his life, he has chosen a newborn Berlin baby, a two-year-old Arab boy, a five-year-old Jewish lad and Actor **Robert Powell**, 29, an Anglican. For the Virgin Mary, the Roman Catholic director settled on Argentine-born **Olivia Hussey**, 23, who first starred in Zeffirelli's *Romeo and Juliet* eight years ago. Her religious preferences? "This may sound a bit far out," she says, "but two years ago a medium told me that I had been the Virgin Mary in a previous life." Yes, a bit.

ZEFFIRELLI & ACTRESS HUSSEY



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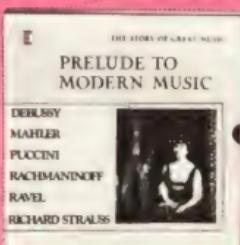
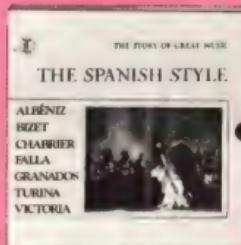
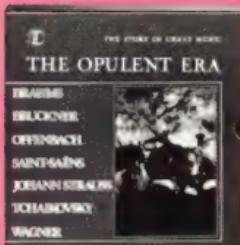
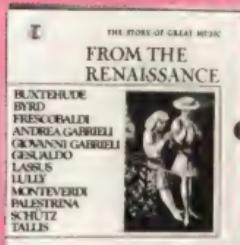
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Douglas Finally Leaves the Bench

It was Justice Harry Blackmun's 67th birthday, and all his colleagues on the U.S. Supreme Court had gathered in their private dining room to raise a glass of wine and sing *Happy Birthday*. Then, when the song died down, Chief Justice Warren Burger called for attention. Solemnly he announced that William Orville Douglas had written a note to President Ford saying he was retiring that day, after nearly 37 years on the court—the longest term served by any Justice in history. When the suddenly subdued lunch eventually ended, Burger and the others each stepped up to the crippled senior Justice to shake hands and whisper a few private words of encouragement and farewell.

At 77, Bill Douglas had not given

up easily. A toughened survivor of polio and a near drowning in childhood, plus an almost fatal riding accident and a weakened heart while on the court, he had been partly paralyzed by a stroke last New Year's Eve and was confined to a wheelchair. The lifelong liberal had hung on stubbornly. As Douglas told a friend only a few weeks ago: "I won't resign while there's a breath in my body—until we get a Democratic President."

Nerve Pain. Douglas' fellow Justices were aware that he had been unable to serve effectively for months. Yet Douglas, reports *TIME* Correspondent David Beckwith, began to be convinced of that fact only late last month. Shortly after midnight on Oct. 27, Cathy Douglas touched the forehead of her

sleeping husband and found it alarmingly hot with fever. Douglas was sped by ambulance to Walter Reed Army Medical Center, where doctors discovered that he had a urinary-tract infection. It was arrested, but physicians were shocked by the deterioration in Douglas' condition since he left the hospital last spring after a long convalescence from his stroke. An unusual nerve pain in the paralyzed areas on his left side had taken a severe toll. The Walter Reed doctors gave Douglas a blunt prognosis. You are not going to improve; you will always be paralyzed, unable to walk, in nearly constant pain; you will gradually deteriorate until you die.

During his long ordeal, Douglas

MAURICE BLACKSTAR



JUSTICE DOUGLAS IN 1967

The Court's Uncompromising Libertarian

William O. Douglas was the court's most undeviating liberal voice right up to his sudden retirement last week. In his later years, some critics came to view Douglas as a dangerous radical. Yet Douglas did not see the court as a tool for radical social change, "but rather as a mechanism to keep open the democratic process," says Yale Law Professor Thomas I. Emerson. To this end his decisions supported free speech, the broadest possible interpretation of individual constitutional rights and, less often noted, far-reaching Government power to regulate the economy.

The free-speech issue was particularly easy for him. He simply saw no exceptions to the First Amendment's command. With the late Hugo Black, he filed unwavering dissents in sedition and related cases during the McCarthy era, although he condemned Communism's "miserable merchants of unwanted ideas." In the '60s, when even Black balked occasionally at disruptions caused by some protesters, Douglas hewed to his view that dissenting speech could never legally be curtailed. He followed a similar pattern in suits concerning the rights of criminal defendants. No matter what the real or imagined burdens on the criminal-justice system, Douglas insisted that a citizen's constitutional rights had to be paramount.

Asked recently to pick the most important decisions in which he had participated, he cited the 1964 one-man, one-vote reapportionment ruling and the 1954 *Brown* school desegregation case. Then, surprisingly, he added a 1944 opinion that had established a clear formula under which "a utility was entitled to make a return sufficient to at-

tract capital and keep going." Douglas understood "the matters of corporate finance better than any lawyer I've ever known," says Harvard Law Professor Vern Countryman.

Douglas was reared in poverty by his widowed mother in Yakima, Wash., near the mountains where he would later build his beloved wilderness retreat. A lifelong conservationist, naturalist and enthusiastic hiker-climber, he began challenging mountains as a boy in order to rebuild legs ravaged by polio. After graduating from Whitman College, he hitched a freight to New York City, arriving with \$6 in his pocket, then worked his way through Columbia Law School—once writing a text for a law correspondence course in a subject he had yet to take himself.

Nine years after his graduation, he left the Yale Law faculty to join and eventually chair the New Deal Securities and Exchange Commission. In 1939 he was nominated to the Supreme Court by Franklin Roosevelt. He faced down three impeachment attempts over the years. The first two were relatively weak efforts, one in 1953 after he stayed the executions of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg, and one in 1966 when the three-times divorced Douglas, then 67, married Cathleen Heffernan, who like his third wife was in her 20s. (Douglas had a son and a daughter by his first wife.) The last and most serious impeachment move, led by then House Minority Leader Gerald Ford, came in 1970, partly in retaliation for the rejection by mostly liberal Senators of Nixon's Supreme Court nominees, Clement Haynsworth Jr. and G. Harrold Carswell. But there

was more to it than that. It was also based on Douglas' unseemly \$12,000 annual fee from a scholarship-granting foundation set up by Albert Parvin, who had links to Las Vegas.

Douglas' avowed unwillingness to compromise meant he rarely even tried to persuade fellow Justices. "Bill Douglas is positively embarrassed if anyone on the court agrees with him," said one colleague. Increasingly, his impact on the court was diminished by his failure to include the legal reasoning behind his opinions. Concedes Law Professor Charles Ares of the University of Arizona, once Douglas' clerk: "His impatience with dressing up his opinions with careful arguments will probably cause Douglas not to be ranked right at the top by the experts." For almost 37 years—first mostly in dissent, then as part of the Warren Court majority, finally in dissent once more—he etched a record that above all marked him as the most doctrinaire and committed civil libertarian ever to sit on the court.

THE LAW

who has few intimates, confided only in his wife, former Presidential Adviser Clark Clifford and former Supreme Court Justice Abe Fortas, who wrote the earlier, misleadingly optimistic press releases on Douglas' health. The four decided that Douglas should get a second opinion from Rehabilitation Specialist Dr. Howard Rusk, who had treated him earlier in New York City. Battling all the way, the old man was determined to miss as little court business as possible, though his appearances on the bench for oral arguments were constantly interrupted by spasms of pain. Two weeks ago, on a day when no arguments or conferences were scheduled, he and his wife flew to New York City. Rusk confirmed the Walter Reed prognosis—with one significant addition. If Douglas should choose to retire and rest, said Rusk, he might well improve and be able to lead a useful life.

Last Decision. Douglas nonetheless rushed back to Washington to attend the Friday court conference. The pain soon got to him again, and he had to be wheeled back to his chambers for an application of hot-water packs. On Monday of last week, he tried again as the Justices heard 4½ hours of arguments on one of their most important cases this fall—a challenge to the Federal Election Campaign Act of 1974. Douglas managed to stay less than two hours. That night he told his wife that he would resign. "It was his decision and his alone," Mrs. Douglas reported. His colleagues on the court had never raised the issue. But he knew that they had determined to delay deciding any case in which his vote would be the tie-breaker. Once the court's most prolific opinion writer, he also knew, as he said in his letter to the President, that he was now "unable to shoulder my full share of the burden."

The President, though he had led an impeachment drive against Douglas only five years ago, praised "a lifetime of dedicated public service matched by few Americans." Then, within a day, he sent a list of possible nominees for Douglas' seat to members of the American Bar Association Committee on the Federal Judiciary, along with a request for their advisory reaction. By one report, Michigan Republican Senator Robert Griffin, 52, had an early edge. But there are other considerations: Betty Ford is among those who think it high time there was a woman on the court. And the so-called Jewish seat has been empty since Fortas' 1969 departure. Ford might look to his Cabinet, which includes Carla A. Hills, 41, Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, and Attorney General Edward Levi, 64. Among other possibilities in the wide-open guessing game: Solicitor General Robert Bork, 48, California Republican Congressman Charles Wiggins, 47, and at least nine federal-appellate-court judges.

Douglas professed no favorite. "That's none of my business," he told re-

porters the day after his retirement. But he is obviously concerned. Douglas' departure leaves only William Brennan and Thurgood Marshall from the activist Warren Court majority. The four Nixon nominees have not proved to be as unified as many observers had anticipated; in fact, they have done little to reverse the work of the Warren Court except in the area of criminal law. But whoever he—or she—is, Ford's nominee is almost certain to tip the balance of the court even further away from the postwar liberalism that Douglas (and the late Hugo Black) came to symbolize. For his part, Douglas aims to continue to speak out, in books if not from the bench. He has already completed the first draft of his memoirs of his years on the court, and is now editing and updating them.

present known medical criteria." Under common law, he went on, neither "the fact that the victim is on the threshold of death" nor "humanitarian motives" can justify taking life. Dismissing as mere "semantics" such questions as whether pulling the plug would be an act of commission or omission, he ruled that the move "would result in the taking of the life of Karen Quinlan when the law of the state indicates that .. would be a homicide."

Weak Case. The judge rejected all of the arguments raised by Joseph Quinlan's lawyer. Karen's reported past statements that she would not want to have her life artificially prolonged were dismissed as "too theoretical." The constitutional protection against cruel and unusual punishment did not apply, Muir said, because medical treatment "where its goal is the sustenance of life is not something degrading, arbitrarily inflicted, unacceptable to contemporary society or unnecessary." As for the right of privacy, it had to be subordinate in this case to "the state's interest in preservation of life." Muir noted that a few other courts had allowed patients the right to die, but only when death was chosen knowingly by the dying



THE DISAPPOINTED QUINLANS



MUIR JUST BEFORE ANNOUNCING DECISION

Sentenced to Life

For eleven days, Superior Court Judge Robert Muir Jr. of Morris County, N.J., pondered the painful, unprecedented legal problem: Did the anguished parents of 21-year-old Karen Anne Quinlan have the right to switch off the respirator that had kept her alive since she fell into a deep coma in April? Last week Muir announced his decision. In a 44-page ruling, he noted sadly that he had to discount "the compassion, empathy, sympathy" he felt toward the Quinlan family. Both "judicial conscience and morality," he went on, told him that Karen's fate was being handled properly by "the treating physician." Since her doctor, Robert J. Morse, has refused to discontinue use of the respirator, the judge's decision meant that at least for now, Karen must live.

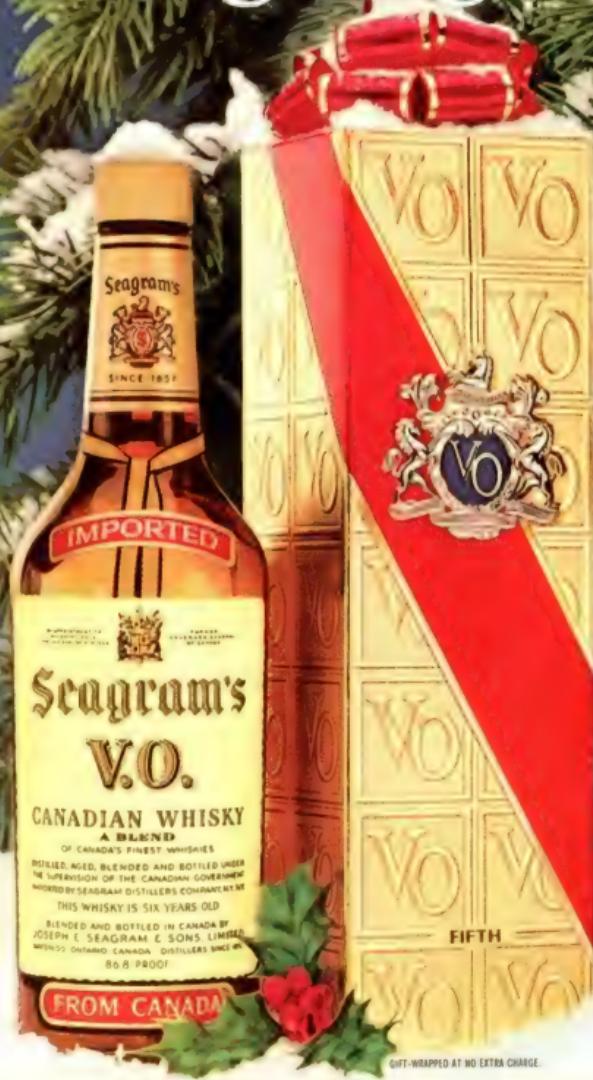
Doctors who testified at the trial agreed that Karen is in a "persistent vegetative state" and that her chances of recovery are remote. Even so, tests show slight brain activity, which means, said the judge, Karen is "not brain dead by

person. Said he: "There is no constitutional right to die that can be asserted by a parent for his incompetent adult child."

Critics who argue that the decision is the equivalent of a life sentence for Karen felt the judge was far too cautious in dealing with the broad philosophical issues involved in the case. But most legal experts agreed that Muir had to rule as he did because of the weakness of the case presented by Joseph Quinlan's lawyer.

The Quinlans have until the end of December to decide whether to appeal. Meanwhile, Judge Muir has relieved them of the responsibility of giving "counsel, advice and concurrence" on decisions about Karen's treatment; that power has been given to Karen's court-appointed attorney, Daniel Coburn, who has been named her guardian.

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Family Sickness

A sullen twelve-year-old girl hunches over in a chair, surrounded by her father, mother, sister, brother and a child psychiatrist. Her problem: severe asthma that will not respond to medical attention. After listening to the parents discuss the asthma, the psychiatrist suddenly switches attention to the sister's ample figure. She is clearly overweight. Isn't that a family problem too? As the family starts talking about obesity, the asthmatic girl sits up in her chair.

According to the psychiatrist, Dr. Ronald Liebman, Chief of Psychiatry at Philadelphia's Children's Hospital, that shift in the discussion helped bring the asthma under control. "The patient's overprotective parents," he says, "were focusing so much concern on her that she was responding with ever more severe symptoms." The girl understood that her parents' concern was no longer focused on her alone but on two family problems. After two months of complicated family therapy, the girl's asthma symptoms subsided. The trips to hospital emergency rooms ended, and she missed no more school time.

The case is a classic one in family therapy, the medical movement that arose some 15 years ago from a common clinical observation: many psychiatric patients seem unable to get better because of the pressures their families put on them. Family therapists began by abandoning the one-on-one, isolated relationship of traditional psychiatry to take on a patient's whole family. Their aim: to expose and break family patterns that create individual emotional disorders. Now family therapists are increasingly finding that those patterns also help produce physical ailments, from asthma to heart attacks and—some are convinced—even cancer.

Horrible Fantasies. Psychiatrist Norman Paul of Cambridge, Mass., reports some success in using family therapy to control epilepsy. Working with Dr. Robert Feldman, head of neurology at the Boston University School of Medicine, he triggers seizures in epileptics and later shows a video tape of the attack to the entire family. The results so far: of twelve patients treated over the past three years, four have improved dramatically. One woman, 40, went from four seizures a day to one every eight months. Says Paul: "Epileptics have horrible fantasies about what they do. When they see the tapes, they can come to terms with what they go through and how it affects their families."

Dr. Salvador Minuchin, Director of the Philadelphia Child Guidance Center has already attracted wide attention with his work on anorexia nervosa, the "starvation disease" (TIME, July 28). Now Minuchin and his team are con-



TRROUBLED PARENTS AND CHILDREN DURING THERAPY SESSION IN CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
Abandoning the one-on-one approach of traditional psychiatry.

centrating on asthma and diabetes. In one case of diabetic sisters, ages twelve and 17, doctors found a metabolic defect, but only the younger sister responded to drugs and diet changes. A therapist found out why: each parent constantly tried to get her support in fights with the other parent. The allegiance of the twelve-year-old was not sought. Once the parents stopped trapping the older sister in their struggles, she too began responding to treatment.

In many cases, family therapists argue, an outbreak of physical illness is both a symptom of high stress among family members and an attempt to cope with it. Minuchin says that anorexia nervosa victims are "saviors of the family" because they paper over parental conflicts that threaten to destroy the family. Psychiatrist Philip Guerin, director of the Center for Family Learning in New Rochelle, N.Y., finds that many fathers suffer heart attacks shortly after a grown son or daughter leaves home. His hypothesis: the child may have functioned as a buffer for parental conflict. Psychologist Dina Fleischer of Richmond's Medical College of Virginia reports on the family of a man who had a heart transplant in 1968; when the patient was near death, the family functioned well; when he recovered, the family unraveled; whenever he relapsed, the family functioned well again.

According to Dr. Claus B. Bahnsen, family therapist and professor of psychiatry at Philadelphia's Jefferson Med-

ical College, heart attacks tend to occur in "outer-directed" families—those that stress the need for success and approval by outsiders. Cancer tends to appear in "inner-directed" families. Such families often channel their emotional response to stress internally through the nervous system. This inward surge may upset the body's hormonal balance and, perhaps, immunological processes—two mechanisms that play a significant role in combating cancer.

Cancer Factor. Dr. Michael Kerr, a clinical professor of psychiatry in the family section of Georgetown University Medical School, believes that emotional problems helped produce cancer in 25 of 30 cases he has treated at the Vincent T. Lombardi Cancer Center. "We're not saying that the emotional system of a family causes cancer, but it is a factor."

Though the medical world still remains skeptical of some of the claims of family therapy, major hospitals such as San Francisco General, New York's Albert Einstein and McLean in Boston now have family therapists or other psychiatrists dealing with medical patients and their families, looking for stresses that might impede cures. Says New Rochelle's Guerin, whose center teaches family therapy to a hundred psychiatrists and psychologists a year: "Doctors are picking up on family research. They're beginning to de-isolate the individual. Family therapy is coming of age."

Viking Heat Wave

In Minnesota it can be cold in December, but the deep winter doesn't set in until after the Vikings have lost in the Super Bowl. Three times in the past five years, the Vikings have built their way into the big game, and each time they have gone home losers. This year they are driving through the softest part of their schedule toward one more crack at the title. Undefeated in eight games, the Vikings may have their best chance yet to live down their reputation as the world's most famous second-best team.

The biggest reason for their success is the play of Quarterback Fran Tarkenton, 35, now in his 15th pro season. Hampered last year by a sore arm—he was treated in the off-season by Dodger Relief Pitcher Mike Marshall, a graduate student and expert in body mechanics at Michigan State—Tarkenton has already thrown for 15 touchdowns. He leads the league with a completion mark of better than 60%. Indeed, Tarkenton, who has never been seriously injured, should soon become the leading passer in N.F.L. history. Only ten more TD throws will break John Unitas' lifetime high of 290, and 39 more completions will top Unitas' total of 2,830. "It just kind of happened," says Tarkenton bashfully. "but it's an achievement that I'm proud of."

Despite his long tenure in the league, his enthusiasm for the game seems not to have diminished. "I love it," he says. "I'm a purist of the game itself." Tarkenton (6 ft., 190 lbs.) leads in other ways as well. When offensive coaches gather every week to plan strategy for the next

game, he sits in, offering suggestions. On Sunday he calls his own signals in the huddle and is a master at dissecting a defense. Unlike many methodical quarterbacks, Tarkenton is a gambler. His desperate scrambles behind the line of scrimmage are the stuff of N.F.L. legend: he can demoralize a stubborn defense with long passes when all he needs is short yardage on third down.

Touchdown Producer. To be sure, Tarkenton gets plenty of help. If Buffalo's O.J. Simpson were not monopolizing the headlines for running backs, the Vikings' Chuck Foreman might. Going into last weekend's game against the New Orleans Saints, Foreman was the leading pass catcher in pro football with 38 receptions, as well as the second-leading rusher (576 yds.) and the top touchdown producer (eleven) in his conference. When Foreman is not handling the ball, Tarkenton can also give it to two other solid young runners, Ed Marinaro and Brent McLanahan, or can look downfield for veteran Tight End Stu Voigt. Next to Foreman, Tarkenton's favorite target is Wide Receiver John Giliam, who, after a brief spell in the World Football League, has returned to Minnesota with his sprinter's speed

The Vikings' defense, long the team's trademark, is still a formidable force, anchored on Tackle Alan Page, 30, probably the quickest big man (6 ft 4 in., 245 lbs.) in the game. Behind him Minnesota's defensive secondary is almost pass proof. On the front line, though, age is a pervasive problem. Defensive Ends Carl Eller and Jim Marshall are 33 and 37 respectively. In Minnesota's last two Super Bowl defeats, they were outplayed by younger offensive linemen.

Age has, in fact, been a serious weakness for the Vikings in recent years. But this season, with good rookies like Autry Beaman at safety and Mark McLane at defensive end, Head Coach Bud Grant may finally have enough fresh bodies to keep his team strong in the play-offs. Even if he did not, Grant would keep pushing his players week after week. A terse disciplinarian with a penchant for rulemaking, he demands jackets and ties while on the road and has issued a ban on beards and flashy white tape on shoes. Grant, 48, even prohibits space heaters from the sideline at games, no matter how cold the day. "We're like a dog," he says. "Our hair just gets a little longer."

As the Vikings head into the coldest part of the season, though, the looming question is how well they can function in the heat. This year's Super Bowl will be played in Miami. For the moment, the team is not worried about that. Says Grant, whose string of coaching clients gets steadily longer: "We only work from one week to the next."

TARKENTON AIMING FOR THE RECORD BOOK



NAMATH AFTER AN INTERCEPTION

Limping for Life

Only eight years ago, the passing records that Tarkenton is closing in on seemed like the future property of another man. But this season Joe Namath leads the N.F.L. only in throwing interceptions—19 in his first eight games. His arm is still sound; it is the Namath knees that are all but gone. Before each game they are strapped so securely in metal braces that Joe says, "they cut off my circulation." They also cut down his mobility. Says Miami Dolphin Linbacker Doug Swift: "You know where he's going to be all the time. He's handicapped."

Part of what is hobbling Joe is his team. As recently as last year, Namath's spot in the passing pocket was secure. No more. He has been sacked more often than any other quarterback. The Jets are also dead last in defense. Furthermore, Coach Charley Winner has made almost no moves to vary his offense or bring along a back-up quarterback. So Joe is out there Sunday after Sunday limping for his life. "I'd like to say it can't get any worse," he says. "but I am not really sure it won't."

He is not looking for sympathy, however, and he bolts at suggestions that he should retire. "It's tiresome as hell to lose, but I still enjoy the game." He has retreated from the glitter of Manhattan's night life and rents a house in a quiet neighborhood of Garden City, a Long Island suburb. "I've only been to New York City once in the past eight weeks—the traffic's too damn bad," says Namath. But not as rough as the Sunday traffic on the field.



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A U.N. on Its Knees

A Memphis car salesman, a Ghanaian supreme court justice, a Japanese cartoonist—all are Kenya-bound for next week's opening of a potentially explosive international religious meeting at Nairobi's capacious Kenyatta Conference Centre, a band beating gazelle-hide drums and blowing on cow horns will greet 747 voting delegates and 1,600 observers and staff. And then the fifth septennial Assembly of the World Council of Churches will settle down to the issues that trouble the non-Catholic wing of the ecumenical movement.

Representing a constituency of 400 million Protestants, Anglicans and Eastern Orthodox in more than 90 nations, the W.C.C. Assembly is something of a United Nations on its knees. And, like the U.N., the council, once Western-

hat Racism, which has pumped \$913,000 into the coffers of black liberation forces in southern Africa, including all three groups whose armies are now struggling for control of newly independent Angola. Though the funds were intended for nonmilitary use, they have given a moral imprimatur to armed violence. Despite the outcry, the W.C.C. has, so to speak, stuck to its guns. In Britain, *Towards Racial Justice*, a W.C.C. grant recipient, is accused of stirring racial hatred among blacks.

Last spring, Nairobi delegates received leaflets designed to get them thinking in particular ways about Assembly issues. Heavy on political consciousness-raising, they give a once-overlightly to traditional belief. Much of the political criticism zeroes in on the West, while Communist and Third World countries are largely exempt. Claims one piece in a flight of revolutionary fervor: Mainland China "is the only truly Christian country in the world." To U.S. Catholic Theologian Avery Dulles, the W.C.C. "has been progressively drawn into a political and social activism that makes little reference to the theological tradition."



W.C.C. HEAD PHILIP POTTER

dominated, is now heavily Third World. Only two-fifths of the delegates to Nairobi will be from North America and Western Europe.

The W.C.C. started in 1948 with the hope of unifying the world's Christians, largely by talking out differences on theology. But increasingly the council has gravitated toward social and political "liberation." Whatever its worth, this emphasis has divided Christians as much as it has united them. The Rev. Philip Potter, 54, a black West Indian Methodist who succeeded the U.S.'s Eugene Carson Blake as chief executive in 1972, is himself an activist, but admits that the policy has been "costly."

Since the last Assembly in 1968, the W.C.C. has set up a Program to Com-

*The meeting was scheduled for Jakarta until predominantly Muslim Indonesia let it be known that the Christians were no longer welcome.



KENYATTA CONFERENCE CENTRE
Too politicized?

tion." Within the council, the same complaint comes from Eastern Orthodox members, even some from Communist East Europe who naturally like the W.C.C. political line. Then there are Protestants who favor the conservative Gospel preached by Billy Graham (see story below) and argue that the W.C.C. wants to convert the world politically, not spiritually. The Nairobi meeting will likely have to face whether these criticisms have merit. The mood is hard to figure. Three-fourths of the W.C.C. staff and 80% of the delegates have never attended an Assembly before.

To Pick a Pope

Ever since Pope Alexander III's decree of 1179, the College of Cardinals has alone had the power to choose new popes. Vatican Council II, however, reasserted the authority of all bishops—whether cardinals or not—in helping to govern the church. In 1973 and 1974 Pope Paul VI broadly hinted he might go further and admit a few ordinary bishops to the conclave that elects a pope. But last week, when Paul—frail but vigorous at age 78—released the rules for choosing his successor, the cardinals-only tradition survived intact.

The decree reaffirmed Paul's ban on concilium voting by cardinals who have reached age 80. But otherwise it was a strategic victory for stand patters, who feared that any participation by the bishops would weaken the power of the College of Cardinals and the Vatican Curia. Another papal move: the assistants who previously accompanied the cardinals into the conclave will henceforth be excluded. However traditionalist, the Pope's decree struck one modern note. Two technicians must check the conclave quarters for "instruments of whatsoever kind for recording, reproduction or transmission of voices and images." In other words, no bugs.

"Secret Agents"

When Billy Graham preached a TV sermon about angels this year, 200,000 requests for reprints flooded in. Despite *The Exorcist* and the public's fascination with evil spirits, it was obvious that a surprising number of Americans wanted to know about the good spirits as well. When Graham discovered that there were few books in print on angels, he decided to rush into the breach.

The resulting *Angels, God's Secret Agents* (Doubleday: \$4.95) is Graham's thirteenth book. It will not make theological history, but as a sales phenomenon it is one for the books. Out just two months, it seems destined to become the biggest bestseller to date for the world's best-known Protestant preacher, who last week drew throngs in Hong



VON KAULBACH'S GUARDIAN ANGEL
"Satan's BB guns."

Kong. Some 660,000 copies are already in print.

Angels resounds with the kind of booming-popping hortatory thunder that one expects from the North Carolina evangelist. ("The hosts of heaven stand at attention as we make our way from earth to glory, and Satan's BB guns are no match for God's heavy artillery. So don't be afraid.") For the most part, however, the book is a readable, if superficial rundown of what the Bible says about heaven's hierarchy.

Many people think of angels as "celestial beings with beautiful wings," or even as "feminine weirdos," says Graham. Not so, he assures us. Basically, angels are incorporeal spirits created by God to worship him and carry out his will. Only in special cases do they take on physical form. Graham attributes many unexplainable good events to the work of this force of unseen agents. He believes that God has often sent "unseen angelic visitors to touch my body to let me be his messenger."

Evil System. But angels also have a darker side. In the Bible, they are the punishers of persons or even entire cities that ignore God. Graham thinks that angels had a direct hand in eradicating the "evil system" of Nazism. At the Last Judgment, he says, they will carry out God's punishment of "those who deliberately reject Jesus Christ."

Graham plays down speculation that angels are involved in such riddles as UFOs or the strange archaeological finds doled on by such pop authors as Erich von Däniken. One appeal of Graham's book, however, is that it meets that out-of-this-world urge and provides an orthodox Christian response to it. Then again, maybe the angels themselves are behind those celestial sales.

Truth Hurts

One of the lasting legacies of Viet Nam and Watergate has been a deepening skepticism among journalists about the words and deeds of public officials. Former Senator J. William Fulbright, an early critic, as chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, of U.S. policy in Indochina had much to do with fostering that skepticism. Now it seems he is beginning to regret it. The press, Fulbright laments in the current *Columbia Journalism Review*, has become "excessively mistrustful and even hostile" toward Government. He adds: "If once the press was excessively orthodox and unquestioning of Government policy, it has now become almost sweepingly iconoclastic."

Fulbright, who left the Senate last year and joined a Washington law firm, blames the "new inquisitorial style" of journalism for spreading "cynicism and disillusion." Says he: "Everything revealed about the CIA or dubious campaign practices may be wholly or largely true, but I have come to feel of late that these are not the kind of truths we most need now; these are truths which must injure if not kill the nation." He deplores "the new investigative journalism" for its preoccupation "with the tracking down and punishment of wrongdoers, with giving them just deserts." He adds: "My own view is that no one should get everything he deserves—the world would become a charnel house."

Aburd Fears. Fulbright is not alone in these concerns. Last fall, less than two years after her own *Washington Post* was uncovering the Watergate scandals, Publisher Katharine Graham warned reporters against a temptation to "see conspiracy and cover-up where they do not exist." Before a group of editors last month, A.P. General Manager Wes Gallagher denounced "this investigative binge." CBS Commentator Eric Sevareid feels that there is "a kind of McCarthyism abroad: 'Anybody who is hauled up and accused of anything is assumed guilty until proved innocent. This is a residue of Watergate."

Plenty of journalists disagree. New York Times Managing Editor A.M. Rosenthal scoffs at Fulbright's fears: "The idea that a big strong press is constantly stripping the poor defenseless Government is absurd. There is a vast army of public relations men representing the Government and business views. That 'official' ver-

sion dominates the press, so the investigative process becomes more and more important." Says Columnist Jack Anderson: "The founding fathers intended us to be watchdogs, not lapdogs."

Veteran Press Critic Ben Bagdikian points out that "there have been more societies destroyed by the undiscovered corruption or incompetence of leaders than by any demoralization that comes from disclosure." Says a relaxed George Reedy, dean of Marquette University's journalism school: "For a while every reporter was out to be Woodward and Bernstein. Ten years ago, it was Tom Wolfe and participatory journalism. Fifteen or 20 years ago, it was James Reston. The fads come and go."

Emotional Mistrust. One too familiar flaw in Fulbright's argument lies in his repeated indictment of "the media"—a careless lumping together of what is in fact a remarkably diverse and independent collection of publishers and broadcasters. Yet Fulbright may have a point when he is worried about the spread of an automatic, "emotional mistrust to Government in general." He calls for "a measure of voluntary restraint, an implicit agreement among the major groups and interests in our society that none will apply their powers to the fullest." Not a bad precept—and not an easy one to apply in a system that depends on adversary relationships, among press, politicians and courts, as well as relationships of trust.



FULBRIGHT ON COLUMBIA JOURNALISM REVIEW COVER
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Engaged. Robert J. Dole, 52, wavy Republican Senator from Kansas and sometime chairman of the Republican National Committee; and Mary Elizabeth Hanford, 38, sole woman member of the Federal Trade Commission. Hanford's striking good looks and Harvard law degree once prompted White House Consumer Affairs Adviser Virginia Knauer to describe her as an example of deceptive packaging. Dole, who narrowly won re-election in 1974, convinced voters that he had been unfairly besmirched by Watergate: he appeared in TV ads with mud on his face.

Died. Clinton P. Anderson, 80, Secretary of Agriculture under President Harry Truman and a leading liberal Democrat in the U.S. Senate for nearly a quarter of a century; following a stroke, in Albuquerque. A former newspaper reporter and founder of an insurance company, Anderson was serving his third term as a Congressman from New Mexico when Truman, impressed by his detailed report on U.S. food shortages, offered him the Cabinet post; three years later, Anderson quit to make a successful run for the Senate. A member of the Joint Congressional Committee on

Atomic Energy from 1951 to 1973, Anderson was a major influence on the development of nuclear power, as head of the Senate Aeronautical and Space Sciences Committee from 1963 until his retirement in 1973, he helped shape the Apollo space program and was awarded the Goddard Memorial Trophy for his contributions to the nation's aerospace effort. Among his many legislative achievements are the Wilderness Act of 1964, which put more than 9 million acres of wilderness under federal protection, and Medicare, which he co-sponsored in 1965 with California Representative Cecil King.

Died. William Bennett Kouwenhoven, 89, innovative electrical and biomedical engineer who developed lifesaving heart resuscitation techniques, in Baltimore. Kouwenhoven, who served more than 60 years on the Johns Hopkins faculty, discovered in the 1930s that a brief jolt of electricity applied to a fibrillating heart muscle could restore the organ to a steady pace. While working on a portable defibrillator for use without surgery, Kouwenhoven also found that a stopped heart could often be restarted by brisk, repeated pressure

on the breastbone. External cardiac massage has since been used by laymen and physicians to save countless lives.

Died. Lieut General Julian Constable Smith, 90, durable Marine commander, in Arlington, Va. Smith fought his country's battles from the occupation of Veracruz in 1914 through World War II. He led the corps' 2nd Division in the bloody conquest of Tarawa in 1943 against suicidal Japanese resistance, coming ashore under fire at the height of the fighting because "it was my job to be on the beach. The men of my division had been through hell and they were entitled to the presence of their commanding officer."

Died. Hugh Auchincloss Brown, 96, engineer who believed that vast polar icecaps would wipe out civilization in this century, in New York City. Brown, author of *Cataclysm of the Earth* (1967), predicted that the accumulation of ice at the Antarctic would upset the planet's equilibrium and cause it to flip, reversing the North and South Poles. If the catastrophe comes to pass, New York, according to Brown, will be buried under 13 miles of water.

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Sounds and Sweet Airs

THE MAGIC FLUTE
Directed and Written by
INGMAR BERGMAN

This is an occasion: genius is served. Ingmar Bergman treats Mozart's opera with spirit, reverence and understanding. In this adaptation of *The Magic Flute*, the director makes the work his own without ever violating it. Mozart is renewed, enhanced: Bergman is triumphant.

Lest the movie sound rarefied, it should be added that *The Magic Flute* is a wonderful bit of sorcery, passionate, elegant and lighthearted. Anyone with a cultural prejudice against opera, a suspicion of its loftier excesses, will be immediately disarmed. Opera fans will be delighted. And audiences who are simply looking for a good movie will find in *The Magic Flute* the most beguiling offering of the year.

Exuberant Confusion. Bergman first saw the opera when he was twelve and was so enthralled that he wanted to mount a production in his marionette theater (an idea that was finally thwarted because he could not afford the 78 r.p.m. records). *The Magic Flute* contains some of Mozart's most glorious music but has a truly unmanageable libretto. Staunch knights, knot-headed serfs, mythological animals and cunning spirits amble around, stumbling over plot threads about thwarted romance and Freemasonry. One of Bergman's accomplishments is to take all this rich confusion, condense it by about 40 minutes and turn it into a pageant that is exuberant without ever being excessive.

In the film, the plot seems straightforward. Tamino (Josef Kostlinger), a knight pure of heart but uncertain of course, is enticed by the Queen of the Night (Birgit Nordin) and her hand-

maidens into abducting her daughter Pamina (Irma Urila) from the palace of Sarastro (Ulrik Cold). Sarastro, once the Queen's husband, is dabbling in some dark arts that turn out to be nothing more mysterious than the rites of Freemasonry. Tamino is aided in his quest by a forester named Papageno (Hakan Hagegard), whose robust cowardice at times of stress provides comic relief. The two men, sensing they have been duped by the Queen of the Night, give themselves over to Sarastro's trial of honor. Their reward is true love. Tamino is immediately enamored of Pamina. Papageno swept away by a fey creature named Papagena (Elisabeth Eriksson).

The Magic Flute is traditionally con-

BERGMAN DIRECTING THE MAGIC FLUTE



sidered an exaltation of the power of love. It is also about the transcendence of art and the liberating force of imagination—themes Bergman underscores Papagena's bells. Tamino's magic flute are talismans against the darkness. For Bergman, they are forces, as certain and necessary as love, to hold back the night. When Tamino and Pamina embrace at the end, Bergman has the magic flute fly from Tamino's hand into Sarastro's, a lovely metaphor of universal regeneration, both of life and art.

Purists may be disconcerted to hear *The Magic Flute* sung in Swedish instead of German. The music is well performed, but it is never quite as effective as Bergman's dramatic conception, which is to stage the opera like an 18th

century production. Many scenes take place within the confines of a proscenium arch. Bergman even emphasizes the theatricality of the occasion by providing a few glimpses of the performers off-stage: Sarastro studying *Parsifal*, Papageno asleep in his dressing room and almost missing his entrance cue. Curtains rise and descend, flats rumble away to be replaced by others of equally splendid artificiality.

Blithe Innocence. Far from being just directorial legerdemain—though they are that—such touches reflect Bergman's continual preoccupation with the stuff of illusion. This obsession links such disparate films as *The Magician* (1959) and *Persona* (1966). There are soft shadows of many other Bergman scenes and themes: Papageno and Papagena's indomitable exuberance recalls the peasant couple at the end of *The Seventh Seal* (1956); the air of blithe innocence and sudden mystery evokes the elegant reveries of *Smiles of a Summer Night* (1955).

Thanks again to Bergman's usual collaborator, Cinematographer Sven Nykvist, *The Magic Flute* is ravishing to look at. The acting is exceptional, partly because the performers have been allowed to concentrate on nuance rather than volume. The music was recorded separately, so that when the singers open their mouths to sing, the action is as natural and spontaneous as if they were speaking. During the overture and between scenes, Bergman cuts to faces in the audience, returning continually to one, the wondering, wise countenance of a girl who seems ageless. Recalling the director's childhood memories of the opera, she could serve as a surrogate for Bergman and perhaps for all of us. In her is reflected the joy and wisdom of *The Magic Flute*, which Bergman has captured here forever.

Jay Cocks

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Famine

DISTANT THUNDER

Directed and Written by SATYAJIT RAY

Satyajit Ray's superb and achingly simple *Distant Thunder* concerns the famine in Bengal in 1943. It is a matter of record: 5 million people died. Numbers as huge as this can be dangerous. A tragedy of such magnitude becomes an event abstracted by arithmetic. But Ray's artistry alters the scale. His concentrating on just a few victims of the famine causes such massive loss to become real, immediate. Ray makes numbers count.

Distant Thunder has the deliberate unadorned reality of a folk tale, a fable of encroaching, enlarging catastrophe. The thunder of the title refers directly to the war planes that Bengali villagers see flying overhead. More important, the thunder is the sound of the second World War. To the villagers it seems, at first, remote. They speak wonderingly of "the flying ships," trade rumors of Japanese advances on Singapore and Burma, and live very much as they always have, just skirting absolute deprivation. The war seems mysterious and alien. Then the rice starts running out.

Gangacharan (Soumitra Chatterji) is a Brahmin and pundit, part doctor, part spiritual adviser to the villagers from whom he holds himself gently aloof. Merchants at first spare him a lit-



BABITA IN *DISTANT THUNDER*
Making numbers count.

tle rice as an act of deference. But soon, Gangacharan becomes like everyone else, hungry and helpless to do much about it. "There is no rice," a merchant swears to him. "I would not lie to a Brahmin." He would, of course, and does. The villagers all suspect it. There are food riots. Ananga (Babita), Gangacharan's wife, lowers herself to work grinding rice while some still remains. When that too is gone, she goes out to the fields to dig up roots and wild potatoes.

CINEMA

Soon people start to die, in roads and fields. A young woman, an Untouchable, cries out deliriously for fish curry. Ananga gives her what she has, placing it right near the girl's hand. Roots torn from the ground. But the girl dies, eyes open, without reaching out. A child, who has been watching and waiting for hours, comes out from behind a bush and carries the food away.

The triumph of *Distant Thunder* is Ray's humanism, his careful, measured naturalism. The film, shot in color, is beautiful and direct, sophisticated not in plot but insight. In the last scene, Ananga tells Gangacharan she is pregnant. Down the parched road just outside their house walks a family, a father and mother and perhaps six children. They walk into shadow, and we seem to see dozens, then hundreds of people, until they fill the screen.

Jay Cocks

Blue Nuns

THE DEVIL IS A WOMAN

Directed by DAMIANO DAMIANI

Screenplay by DAMIANO DAMIANI

FABRIZIO ONOFRI and AUDREY NOHRA

Hot times at the hostel: a young journalist (Claudio Cassinelli) is pressed by an eager priest to collaborate on memoirs that will try to explain away his wartime cooperation with the Nazis. The priest has lodgings at a religious hostel virtually at the Vatican's threshold and

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CINEMA

books a room for the journalist just down the corridor. As is usually the way with such fictive establishments, the place is a hotbed of perversion, frustration and bad manners. Presiding over these various follies is an iron maiden passing as a nun (Glenda Jackson), who gets her jollies by encouraging everyone else in theirs, then condemning them.

It becomes disarmingly obvious before *The Devil Is a Woman* gets too far along that Director Damiano Damiani intends yet another anticlerical tract, with healthy doses of lubricity included to get the unconverted over the rough parts. Assignations are revealed suicides initiated and plots thickened. One resident spills out a tale of hot romance with his sister. His parents did not approve and shipped him off to the hostel for safekeeping. Jackson finds



GLENDA JACKSON IN WOMAN
Thrilled by thorns.

religious relief—and, one supposes, some measure of sexual satisfaction—by strapping a belt of thorns around her waist very tightly. The collaborationist priest craves extra desserts at mealtimes. As a sinner, he does not amount to much, but he does have that Nazi business to brood about.

White Catholicism takes it squarely on the chin a number of times. Damiani's point is that there is just no getting away from Mother Church. As it turns out, he means it quite literally. The journalist escapes from the Jackson regime and other residents of the hostel defect as well. But none can live without the church's comforting repression. All find their way back there quite soon, except the journalist, the eternal skeptic, who just has a good laugh about the whole thing. *The Devil Is a Woman*, however, makes a pretty flat cosmic joke.

J.C.

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SARAH CALDWELL CONDUCTS A REHEARSAL FOR HER NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC DEBUT

Sarah's Women

The podium of the New York Philharmonic is one of the pinnacles of American symphonic music and, like most others, a male bastion. Over the years, such men as Gustav Mahler, Willem Mengelberg and Arturo Toscanini have occupied it, but only one woman had ever conducted a full program there. That was the famed French teacher Nadia Boulanger, who led the orchestra for a week in 1962. Before a capacity crowd of 2,800 in Manhattan's Avery Fisher Hall last week, Sarah Caldwell of Boston joined that illustrious company in one of the remarkable events of this or any other American musical year. Co-sponsored by the Philharmonic and *Ms.* magazine, the program consisted of the works of five women and was aptly called "A Celebration of Women Composers." It was also a celebration of the vast talents of Sarah Caldwell (TIME cover, Nov. 10), the director of the Opera Company of Boston, whose blossoming conducting career is also taking her this season to the Pittsburgh, New Orleans and San Antonio symphonies and in January, to the Metropolitan Opera.

One of the Caldwell traits is a certain quaint disarray that can drive the weak of heart to tears. In the final stages of preparing the concert, Sarah demanded and got an extra rehearsal. Cost \$3,500. After the programs were printed, she discovered that the order of works was going to require an awkward rearrangement of the stage seating; the sequence was changed and a mimeographed note inserted in the program. The printed music for Ruth Crawford Seeger's *Quartet for String Orchestra* arrived late. When it did, some of the parts were missing, and so only the third movement, *Andante*, was performed.

Despite all that, the concert was a success. Caldwell does not exactly have a classic cuing technique on the order, say, of the late Fritz Reiner. She gives her players exceptional freedom and re-

sponsibility. What she concentrates on is the main direction of the music. Her eye and ear ever on the climactic moments, she can mass the choir of the orchestra like artillery. During more intimate moments, she may almost cease directing, confidently letting a first-chair player follow his lyrical bent.

The two big works on the program came off brilliantly. The first was Lili Boulanger's 35-minute dramatic cantata *Faust et Hélène*. The work won the Grand Prix de Rome in 1913 and brought Boulanger instant fame. The younger sister of Nadia, Lili was only 19 at the time; she died of tuberculosis five years later. *Faust et Hélène* shows a youthful and understandable infatuation with both Wagner and Debussy. But it has a fresh, rapturous style that makes one speculate about how her precocious talent might have developed.

Mercurial Wallop. The second major piece was the *Clarinet Concerto* (1968) by Thea Musgrave, 47, a Scot who now lives in Santa Barbara, Calif. Though she is just gaining international recognition, Musgrave has written scores of songs, choral, chamber and orchestral works, ballets and operas, and is clearly one of today's major composers, regardless of sex. The concerto is a mercurial mixture of lyricism and virtuoso wallop. The soloist, Stanley Drucker, was required to move around the stage to play with this small instrumental group or that, in a kind of 18th century *concertante* style. Drucker's stroll may sound gimmicky, but it actually lent visual appeal to an already fascinating piece.

"A Celebration of Women" was more than an evening of good music. Women composers do indeed exist—and then some. One concert does not, of course, make a revolution. With that in mind, Pierre Boulez and the Philharmonic have already scheduled for later this season works by two other women, Barbara Kolb and Lucia Dlugoszewski. Any other takers?

William Bender

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OIL

Mixing Prices and Politics

After a rocketing rise over the past two years, the prices of gasoline, heating oil and other petroleum products appear likely to drop, substantially though temporarily, by federal order. Last week a House-Senate conference committee approved—and the Ford Administration seemed about to accept—a comprehensive energy bill that would force an immediate 12% rollback in the price of U.S.-produced oil. That, committee members say, would be enough to bring down the retail price of gasoline, which currently averages about 60¢ per gal., by 3½¢. Under the bill, price controls on oil would then be lifted gradually over a period of 40 months, allowing prices to rise once more. But not until late 1977, safely after next year's elections, would they get back to where they are now.

The President was at first prepared to signal his intention to sign the bill, but postponed any decision after running into vigorous opposition from Republican Congressmen. The odds are that the bill will become law, however, largely because Federal Energy Administrator Frank Zarb has recommended that Ford sign. FEA officials are concerned that otherwise Congress might take an even tougher stand, such as moving to split up the oil industry.

Rollback Bill. Ford's signature would end a ten-month White House-Congress deadlock over oil policy that has repeatedly turned into a cliffhanger. The conference-committee agreement came only days before controls were scheduled to expire, leaving prices free to start jumping sharply. To give itself time to pass the rollback bill, Congress last week rushed through a 30-day extension of controls. If the rollback bill

then becomes law, it will represent a compromise—but one in which Ford yielded far more than his Democratic opponents in Congress.

Originally the President called for lifting all controls at once. Though Ford later backed away from that position he continued to argue in favor of allowing oil prices to rise as a means of cutting consumption, boosting production and lessening U.S. dependence on risky foreign crude sources. Lately, though, the President seems to have shifted his stand again at the urging of his political advisers, who warn that whatever the economic merits, letting oil prices go up so close to a presidential election is no way to win votes. The Democrats, who have consistently opposed swift decontrol and high oil prices on the ground that the inflationary impact would threaten economic recovery, can now claim, with some justice, a major political victory.

At present, "old" oil—crude pumped in amounts equal to what was produced in 1972—accounts for two-thirds of domestic output and is price-controlled at \$5.25 per bbl. "New" oil is uncontrolled and sells for about \$14 per bbl. Thus the average price of all U.S.-produced oil is roughly \$8.75. Under the proposed law, that average price would be rolled back immediately to \$7.66 per bbl. and thereafter allowed to rise by 10% a year.

Subject to veto by either house of Congress, the President in April 1977 could partially exclude from the domestic price ceiling the oil that will begin by then to flow from Alaska. Such a move would raise overall domestic oil prices at a slightly faster rate. On the



CRUDE OIL STORAGE TANKS
No way to win votes.

other hand, the bill would require Ford to jettison the \$2 per bbl. tariff that he has imposed on imported oil, which now fetches about \$15 per bbl. in the U.S. Other provisions of the bill would require both automakers and appliance manufacturers to improve the energy efficiency of their products, guarantee loans totaling up to \$750 million to mine operators wanting to expand coal production, underwrite state efforts to develop fuel-saving programs and provide for the creation of an oil reserve of 500 million to 1 billion bbl. of oil as a hedge against another Arab oil embargo.

The measure's pricing provisions are another blow for the oil industry, which earlier this year was stripped by Congress of its depletion allowance. Oil company profits for the first nine months of

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

this year ran, on an average, 31% below last year's spectacular highs. In the quarter ended Sept. 30, Exxon's profits were down 31.2% from a year earlier. Gulf's 36%, Texaco's 38% and Mobil's 17%. The slide in earnings plus the new price rollback, is certain to dampen oilmen's enthusiasm for much needed exploration. U.S. production of crude is in its fifth consecutive year of decline. And though oil companies completed drilling a record 25,729 domestic wells in the first nine months of this year, they have not found enough new reserves to offset the drain on old fields.

The upshot is that the nation seems likely to wind up with an oil-price policy that has some potentially beneficial provisions and some serious flaws. Gradual decontrol is certainly preferable to abrupt decontrol. But the price rollback, while giving some temporary relief to inflation-pressed consumers, probably would boost oil consumption and depress production. And the bill contains no special tax incentives for pumping out hard-to-get oil. In short, Congress has only postponed the tough steps that must eventually be taken to free the nation from its growing dependence on foreign oil.

CORPORATIONS

Going Down, Please

For a month the battle between two billion-dollar manufacturing giants raged in boardrooms, courts and newspaper financial columns. Then overnight last week one of the nation's bitterest takeover struggles ended. Otis Elevator Co., the world's leading manufacturer of elevators and escalators, stopped fighting a bid from United Technologies Corp. (formerly United Aircraft), the world's largest builder of aircraft engines, to buy all shares tendered to it by Otis stockholders. By week's end, when the offer expired, United claimed that it had bought more than half of Otis' 8.1 million outstanding common shares at \$44 each, giving it control of the firm that Elisha Otis founded in Yonkers, N.Y., 122 years ago. The price for even half of the Otis shares would be about \$180 million.

United launched its bid on Oct. 15, when it offered to buy 4.5 million shares

55% of Otis—at \$42 each. Behind the move lay two years of planning by United Chairman Harry J. Gray to end the firm's heavy dependence on Government contracts, which became increasingly scarce as the Viet Nam War wound down. In 1970, when United earned a \$45.5 million profit on sales of \$2.4 billion, 53% of its business came from Washington. By 1974, the Hartford, Conn.-based company had reduced that to a third of \$3.3 billion annual sales. One reason: it acquired Essex International, Inc., a major producer of electromechanical wire. That move gave

United a foothold in both the auto and construction industries and was largely responsible for lifting profits last year to \$104.7 million, from \$58.1 million in 1973. Still, United was determined to diversify further in order to reduce Government business to 25% of total sales.

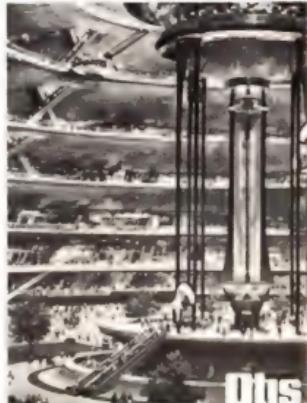
Last July Felix Rohatyn, a partner in the investment banking firm of Lazard Frères who has since become chairman of New York's Municipal Assistance Corporation, suggested Otis to United as a ripe acquisition prospect. Otis, although No. 1 in its industry, has had a slowdown in orders because of the worldwide decline in construction starts on high-rise buildings. Still, the company gets a steady and reliable flow of business—about half its revenues—from maintenance of existing installations. Also, more than half of its 1974 sales of \$1.1 billion came from overseas, where United would like to be bigger.

Otis resisted fiercely. Chairman Ralph Weller labeled United's initial \$42 offer "totally inadequate" (the stock was then selling for \$37.63) and asked Morgan Stanley & Co., an investment banking house, to find a "friendly" partner. Two weeks later, Otis won a preliminary injunction from the New York federal district court blocking United's offer on the ground that the company did not spell out eventual merger plans. Undaunted, United resubmitted its offer, changing it to a bid to buy "any and all" Otis shares. Early last week Otis announced that it had received a last-minute feeler for a takeover from another, unidentified corporation. But the other company could not raise all of the cash in time, and Otis' managers were uncertain that they could win a long legal battle with United. In post-midnight talks last week, United decided to sweeten its offer by \$2 a share, and Otis agreed to drop its opposition.

Wall Street analysts generally viewed the takeover skeptically. They conceded that the acquisition of Otis will boost United's earnings next year, but several feel that United would have been better off to invest the money it is paying for Otis shares in its own operations, notably development of fuel cells. The collapse of many Jerry-built conglomerates has made Wall Streeters distrust most combinations of unrelated businesses. One analyst suggested sarcastically that United might start making elevators with a rotor on top. United obviously feels that there are greater profits prospects in diversity than in staying put in the engine market, where it faces growing competition.



1854 OTIS ELEVATOR, RECENT AD (BELOW)



TRANSPORTATION

Trucking Overhaul

For more than a year, the Ford Administration has waged a crusader's war against "regulatory fiefdoms" in the Federal Government that, it claims, aggravate inflation by keeping prices artificially high and limiting competition. Last week, in line with this campaign, the Administration submitted to Congress a Motor Carrier Reform Act, which would largely remove interstate truck and bus transportation from federal regulation. This marked the third phase of a land-air offensive: earlier the Administration had proposed a Railroad Revitalization Act, which would

lift the heavy hand of the Interstate Commerce Commission from railroads, and an Aviation Act of 1975, which would allow airlines freer competition in fares and routes. The three bills together, said Ford, would "produce a regulatory system that responds to the needs of the consuming public instead of the interests of the regulated industries."

Of the three Administration bills, the trucking proposal is the most sweeping. It would end many inefficiencies, including the prohibition against certain classes of trucks carrying cargo on return trips, or "backhauls." Other provisions:

► An end to antitrust immunity for anticompetitive rate-making activity by truckers. After a three-year phase-in period, carrier associations could in most cases no longer discuss rates, nor could industry rate bureaus file rates for members. Truckers could raise rates up to 15% a year without ICC intervention; they could cut rates without limit.

► Vast simplification of ICC regulations, making it easier for new firms to enter the trucking business. Restrictions on businesses that operate their own truck fleets (private carriers) would be eased; a private carrier, for example, could haul goods for an affiliate of the parent company, rather than the parent company only.

► Expansion of the "aircraft exemption." Now any truck or bus serving an airport needs ICC authorization if its operating radius exceeds 25 miles. This would be increased to 100 miles, presumably allowing more vehicles to serve wider areas.

Stiff Opposition. This legislation, like the proposals that have gone before it, faces stiff industry-union opposition. The American Trucking Associations, the industry's voice, noted that the great majority of trucking companies do \$500,000 a year or less in business, and that there already are 15,000 trucking companies. The ATA snarled: "The trucking industry needs more competition like Custer needed more Indians." The International Brotherhood of Teamsters concurred, sensing that Ford's bill would keep rates and profits of big truckers smaller than they otherwise would be, and thus probably limit pay raises for drivers. At a meeting with Administration officials some weeks ago, Teamster President Frank Fitzsimmons vented these views in a profane tirade against the proposals.

Administration officials concede that not all of their proposals will be adopted. But they are confident that chances for change in the nation's creaky transportation regulatory system, whose underpinnings go back to the 1880s, when the ICC was established, are better than 50%. One possible benefit: increased competition among common carriers could encourage some companies, like large retailers, to cut costs by getting out of the trucking busi-

You can help make a dream come true.

There's a little girl in far away Brazil who's very happy over the thought that now she has a chance to go to school.

"She spends her time with a school bag and books under her arms," the little girl's mother wrote her sponsor here in the United States. "And she goes around saying that she is going to school. Thank you so much for the help that you are sending."

The little girl's name is Josi and she lives in a crowded slum called a "favela." Not many people who live there can afford enough food or clothing for their families. An education for their children may be only a dream.

Many of the people in the "favela" came from rural areas in hope of finding work to support their families. They live in houses with walls of mud, sticks or palm leaves and floors of dirt or cement. There are no paved streets.

Little Josi's home has no windows and the water they use must be carried from a public pump some distance away. The only job her father can get is hauling fruit and vegetables. It pays very little.

But Josi will have a chance. Thanks to an American sponsor, she is enrolled in a CCF Family Helper Project and she will receive help with her food, clothing, medical care, and school fees and supplies.

There are many other needy children in the "favela" where Josi lives—and in many other places. They may not get this chance without help.

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ECONOMY & BUSINESS

ness. These companies have established their own truck fleets, not because it is efficient, but because they felt it was the only way they could cope with the maze of ICC regulations.

AUTOS

A Pistol at Wilson's Head

"The government has been presented with a pistol at its head," Prime Minister Harold Wilson reported to the British House of Commons. He had just been told by John Riccardo, chairman of Chrysler Corp., that if Chrysler United Kingdom Ltd. does not get massive aid—perhaps \$210 million—from Wilson's government, it would pull out of Britain, adding tens of thousands to British unemployment rolls that already total 1 million.

Riccardo's ultimatum was an act of corporate chutzpah: Wilson's Labor government is responsible for Chrysler's troubles only in the sense that it has been unable to prevent the inflation and recession that have added to the company's woes. Chrysler also has many troubles of its own. Since it came to Britain in 1964, it has introduced only one gen-

first half of 1975: those losses contributed to a worldwide Chrysler deficit of \$232 million during the first nine months of this year. Even in Argentina, where Chrysler's subsidiary has been doing relatively well, the company put forth a plan last week to sell 60% of its operation to local citizens over the next five years. Economic and political conditions have been worrisome, and the company hopes a new infusion of capital will double production.

Riccardo's ultimatum has now presented Wilson with what one government official calls "an agonizing dilemma." A Chrysler pullout would wipe out not only 25,000 jobs in the company's own plants but perhaps 60,000 more in related industries. Workers are threatening to take over the plants if Chrysler goes home. A shutdown of the 7,000-worker factory in Linwood, Scotland, might fan the flames of Scottish nationalism. And the Shah of Iran has ordered

officials fear, subsidizing overcapacity in the auto industry. The government has lately refused to aid some home-grown industries, notably the motorcycle business; bailing out the British subsidiary of a U.S.-based company would raise a storm of nationalistic objection.

Riccardo is expected back in London this week to hear the government's decision. The betting is that Master Compromiser Wilson will find some solution—perhaps lending Chrysler a fraction of the money it wants so that it can salvage healthy parts of its business or try to bring out a new model. Even that would set an uncomfortable precedent.



WORKERS AT BRITISH CHRYSLER AUTO ENGINE PLANT VOTING TO PRESERVE THEIR JOBS
No matter what action, an uncomfortable precedent is set.

uinely new car, the rather ordinary five-passenger Avenger sedan; its two other models—the Volkswagen-like Imp and the Hunter—were developed by Rootes Motors Ltd., the company that Chrysler bought. Accordingly, Chrysler's share of the British auto market has dropped from a high of 12% in 1967 to less than 7% this year. Since January, Chrysler has laid off 4,000 employees and put the remaining 25,000 on a work week of three days or less. The cutbacks have worsened the company's already bad labor relations: during 1974 strikes cost Chrysler U.K. 2 million man-hours of work. The company lost \$37 million last year, and another \$34 million in the

126,000 Hunters in kit form: Wilson is not eager to anger one of Britain's principal suppliers of oil by letting Chrysler close without filling the order.

But acceding to Chrysler's demands poses severe problems too. The government is trumpeting a vague new policy of aiding companies in 30 as yet unselected "key sectors of industry" that are efficient and have prospects for rapid growth. Chrysler scarcely qualifies, and Wilson is loath to make a mockery of his new strategy before it even begins. Early this year the government took over the ailing British Leyland Ltd.: by helping Chrysler now it would be complicit with itself and, government of-



SUPER IMP

AVENGER



HUNTER

A high-ranking manager of General Motors, whose Vauxhall subsidiary is faring only a shade better than Chrysler U.K., already is asking how his company can compete if Chrysler gets government money at, say, 2% interest.

EXECUTIVES

A Stitch in Time

Despite steady sales (\$2.6 billion in 1974), the venerable Singer Co., world renowned for its sewing machines, is in trouble. Its chief executive, Donald P. Kircher, 60, has recently been too ill to run the company. Profits have plummeted from a record \$94.5 million in 1973 to a net loss of \$10.1 million last year and another net loss so far this year of \$36.7 million. The time had clearly come to find a new top man.

Last week Singer announced its choice: Joseph B. Flavin, 47, former president of Xerox Corp.'s international operations, who will take over as president and chief executive officer next month. Practical and hard-driving, Flavin graduated from the Columbia University Graduate School of Business and worked his way up to controller of IBM World Trade Corp. before taking the same job at Xerox in 1967. There, he soon moved from internal controls to



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ECONOMY & BUSINESS

long-range financial planning and finally, in 1972, to the international area. Away from work, Flavin is a devout Catholic who enjoys golf and skiing with his wife and two children. He is extremely popular with colleagues for his direct manner and insistence on "team-work rather than the one-man approach"; most of all, though, they admire his ability to reduce hard business problems to their essentials.

Says one former colleague: "He does not jump to conclusions without thinking through all the implications of what might be done. His greatest skills are financial—understanding the statistical

ries faster and more accurately than ever before. Sears, Roebuck and J.C. Penney bought the line, but Singer has had unexpected cost overruns in meeting contract specifications for the equipment, and the recession discouraged other would-be buyers. As a result, the Information Systems division lost \$19.6 million last year. So many managers lost their jobs in trying to turn it around that company employees nicknamed a special group of offices set aside for these executives the "cancer ward." Singer is already selling off a division making water-treatment equipment and a European mail-order business, and it has plans to drop other losing operations. Flavin's most pressing decision will be to sell some or all of the data-processing line as well.

SECURITIES

Playing Options

One day early last week, not quite 15 million shares changed hands on the New York Stock Exchange—a fair day. The Chicago Board Options Exchange also had a middling volume, equivalent to 5.1 million shares, or one-third of the Big Board total. In dollars, the Stock Exchange's tally was greater than that of the C.B.O.E.—but the latter's performance was still remarkable. The N.Y.S.E. lists more than 1,500 companies; the C.B.O.E. trades options on only 79—and while the Big Board is 183 years old, the Options Exchange will not celebrate its third birthday until next April. Its growth has been so stupendous that now, in terms of share volume, it is the second largest securities exchange in the world; last month it broke its own daily-volume record four times. The price of a C.B.O.E. seat has soared from an initial \$10,000 to \$60,000.

Others want to get in on the act. Both the American Stock Exchange and the Philadelphia-Baltimore-Washington Stock Exchange have now begun trading options, and the venerable N.Y.S.E. itself is thinking about it. Undeniably, options trading has become the hottest securities game around.

It is not a new game. For generations, investors have been able to purchase put (sell) or call (buy) options through specialized brokerage firms. But the C.B.O.E., and then its imitators, has opened the game to many more speculators by listing options for regular daily trading on organized exchanges. At the moment, however, they offer a market only in call options.

The buyer of such an option gets the right to buy 100 shares of a stock at a pre-fixed price, called the "striking price," at any time during a specified period—on the C.B.O.E., three, six or nine months. For that right he pays a "premium" of somewhere between 5% and 20% of the striking price, plus a commission.

Last week, for example, an investor putting up \$250 could have bought on the C.B.O.E. an option to purchase 100 shares of Polaroid at \$40 a share any time before Jan. 31. Polaroid was then selling at \$37.50. If by the end of January it were to rise to, say, \$45, the option buyer could buy the stock itself at \$40, sell immediately at \$45, and make \$500 on 100 shares; subtracting the \$250 he had paid for the option would still leave a profit of \$250, less commissions, in less than three months. Alternatively, if he did not want to bother buying the stock, he could resell the option at a profit. As the market price of Polaroid rose, the price of the option also would climb above the original \$250—probably at a steeper rate than the price of the stock itself.

Of course, if the market price of Polaroid stock remained under \$40, the option eventually would become worthless—but even if he let the option expire unused, the investor would lose only his initial \$250. More likely, he would resell the option before its expiration date at a price lower than \$250, to someone who was still betting on a rise in Polaroid. The vast majority of options are never exercised, and the average option buyer holds onto his contract only for about a month. The stock covered by options is held mostly by institutions or wealthy individual investors who sell calls on shares they already own. Their strategy: to pocket the premiums and to hedge their position by setting a floor price for their holdings.

Wary Eye. From the outset, the Securities and Exchange Commission has kept a wary eye on the C.B.O.E. and its sister markets. Options trading could become too attractive, the agency feared, draining money away from the stocks underlying the options. But two studies carried out for the C.B.O.E. by Robert R. Nathan Associates of Washington, D.C., established that market activity in the Big Board stocks represented by C.B.O.E. contracts has not fallen off. So the SEC has approved C.B.O.E. requests to increase its listings, and the C.B.O.I. is now asking the SEC to approve trading in put options. The timetable calls for the put market to begin in April. It will take at least until then for investors to figure out the myriad new strategies available—such as "straddles," "strips" and "straps"—that involve buying or selling puts and calls on the same stock. As Joseph W. Sullivan, the C.B.O.E.'s 37-year-old president puts it: "Like the old thing about Hallmark cards—whatever you want to say about stocks, there's a way to say it with options."



JOSEPH B. FLAVIN, SINGER'S NEW LEADER

What are we trying to do?

impact on a corporation of a given course of action." Flavin says of his new job: "Basically, Singer is a sound company. Our major problem will be to determine just what it is that we're trying to do."

He will continue doing business in sewing machines, which turned a profit of \$34 million last year. Singer's troubles stem from a massive diversification program undertaken during the 1960s. Under Kircher, Singer acquired a host of companies, including a maker of navigation and guidance systems and a mail-order house. Some of the deals worked out well; others have not—notably a venture into business machines.

Singer developed a line of electronic cash registers that, hooked up to back-room computers, would help department stores, supermarkets and other retailers keep track of sales and invento-



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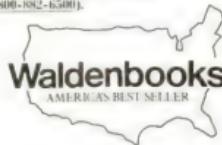
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The Hawaiian Islands. They're a lot more than a lot of sun and sand and moonlight. Look, if they weren't, they'd be the same as any of a hundred other places with beaches and blue skies.

Hawaii is different. Each and every island is different. Anchored a third of the way across the Pacific, the islands are about half-way between East and West. This just might make for the happiest people-mix on earth. Visit Hawaii and you'll see smiles worthy of

the names are romantic. Like the Seven Pools of Kipahulu. (Yes, you can take a dip in all seven). Or Hana, the remote coastal town that makes going back in time beautiful. Inviting too, Maui's Kaanapali Beach and its world-renowned resort area.

Hawaii. It's called the Big Island so as to not confuse Hawaii with Hawaii. Anyway, this is where the Goddess of fire lives — in Volcano National Park. Look down and you'll see molten lava. Look up and

Molokai. It's called the friendly isle and that it is. Lots of room, few folks. Look for an hour and you'll see more sheer beauty and less cars then believable. Fishing, hunting and relaxing are particularly good here. Enjoy a fantastic trip by mule-train while you're here.

Lanai. They call it the world's largest pineapple platter. It's a gentle island, like a vacation from your vacation. Look at Hawaiian petroglyphs, try to fathom what's been etched in stone long, long ago.

LOOK

AT THE ISLANDS OF HAWAII, A FEAST FOR THE SENSES.

Paradise. In fact, there's a contagious conviviality all over the state. It's called the Aloha spirit and each island of the chain has its own unique way of sharing.

Unique too, each of the Islands. Take a moment to look them over here, one at a time.

Maui. Back in the 1800's Maui was the whaling capital of the Pacific. Today the town of Lahaina has been restored, a tribute to the whalers and their ships. Maui sweeps up from the beach to the top of nine-thousand foot Haleakala, the mountain with a crater big enough to house Manhattan Island! Even

there's snow-capped Mauna Kea. The Big Island just doesn't have beaches — it has them in colors: black, green and pearl white. Orchids? Fields of them. And no visit is complete without tasting island-grown Kona coffee and fresh roasted macadamia nuts.

Kauai. They say it has more beautiful distractions across its verdant valleys than you can count. Like the tropical version of the Grand Canyon, for example. Kauai is called the Garden Isle and if there's anywhere greener, let us know. Here too are beaches for two. Yes, this is where *South Pacific* was filmed.

Oahu. This is where Honolulu and Waikiki are. It swings by night and tans by day. Everywhere you go you sense an international flavor reflected in the people and the cuisine.

Although Honolulu is Big City — sophisticated, bustling, exciting, a short ride over a spectacular highway takes you to the Hawaiian-style country, complete with horses, cows and fields of bananas. Live it up or take it easy, Oahu gives you a choice.

Remember, when you've seen one island, you've seen one. And that'll never do. Just ask your travel agent. He knows.

THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

More than a pretty place

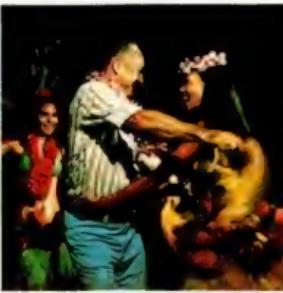
On behalf of the people of Kauai, Oahu, Maui, Molokai, Lanai and the Big Island of Hawaii.



Look up



Look down



Look alive



Look us over



Look deep



Look out



Look sharp



Look cool



Look alike



Look quick



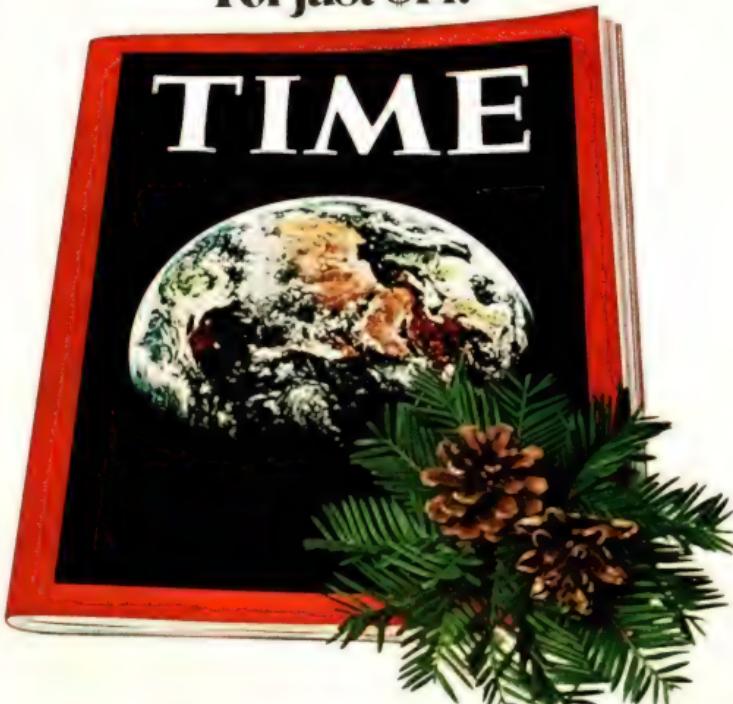
Look again



Look sea

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SYLVIA PLATH, 1936

Two Lives

LETTERS HOME

by SYLVIA PLATH

Edited with preface by AURELIA PLATH

512 pages. Harper & Row. \$12.50.

When Aurelia Plath told her eight-year-old daughter Sylvia that her father was dead, the child said, "I am never going to speak to God again." When she came home from school that day she presented her mother with an oath to be signed: "I promise never to marry again."

Sylvia took all of life with terrifying seriousness; the words "never again" came only too quickly to her. She was capable of emotional fixity that makes the poems written just before her suicide in 1963 nearly unbearable: pictures of rage and despair drawn virtually in words of one syllable. Her novel *The Bell Jar* while written in quasi-Salinger style, is a remorseless account of adolescent breakdown.

Little Bayonets. The book was also a painful blow to Aurelia Plath. Like all the other characters in *The Bell Jar*, the narrow-minded, hard-working mother is ferociously cartooned. Shortly before trying to kill herself, the heroine watches her sleeping, "the pin curls on her head glittering like a row of little bayonets."

Partly to adjust the image that the novel created of both mother and daughter, Mrs. Plath is publishing an edited

CAMBRIDGE NEWSPAPER CLIPPING, 1956
Exploding like a rainbow.

edition of Sylvia's copious letters home, from the time she entered Smith College in 1950 until her death. The correspondence will not erase *The Bell Jar*—those caricatures are indelible. But they do give a different, lively, poignant picture of Sylvia.

The Smith letters are the frankest. Sylvia arrived trailing three scholarships and several writing prizes. The Plaths had no money, and she worried contin-

ually about it. She owed her "charmed Plathian existence" to her schoolteacher mother's efforts, and she was driven by gratitude. "You are the most wonderful mummy that a girl ever had," she wrote, "and I only hope I can continue to lay more laurels at your feet."

It also appears that Sylvia took to heart every bit of propaganda ever put out by the Protestant ethic, college deans of admission and the slick fashion magazines of the '50s. In addition to grinding out straight A's and submitting pot-boilers to *True*, "to keep our pot of caviar boiling," she wanted desperately to be "well-rounded." Thus during weekends at Yale or Princeton Sylvia undertook her blind-date excursions cheerfully, and tried to include them in her mother's vicarious life: "Picture me then," she gloats, "in my navy-blue bolero suit and versatile brown coat, snuggled in the back seat of an open car."

With her blonde good looks and long legs (which she considered her best feature) Sylvia was popular, but none of the dates measured up. She wanted a "colossus." She thought such a man might be found in England and applied for a Fulbright grant ("If only I get accepted at Cambridge! My whole life would explode in a rainbow!").

Mental Agony. Sylvia was accepted, and in 1956 found her colossus in the young British poet Ted Hughes. Even in her first ecstasies, there are forecasts of trouble: "I have fallen terribly in love, which can only lead to great hurt. I met the strongest man in the world, a large, hulking, healthy Adam with a voice like the thunder of God."

The next two years were probably her happiest. She sent bulletins of social success ("Your daughter shook hands with Bulgari"), "We rode up in the elevator with Lionel and Diana Trilling"), and accounts of travel in France and Spain, which show a capacity for wonder and joy unreflected in her work. After marrying, she and Hughes came back to the U.S. to teach. Life was

HONEYMOONING WITH HUGHES IN PARIS, 1956



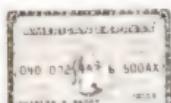
AURELIA, SYLVIA & CHILDREN, 1962



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BOOKS

never easy. They lived in tiny apartments and worked ceaselessly to clear a little time to write.

Restless, they moved back to England where two children, Frieda and Nicholas, were born. Shortly afterward the marriage collapsed. Hughes' formidable powers to charm were turned on other women and Sylvia was consumed by jealousy. Sensing a return of the earlier breakdown, Aurelia begged her daughter to come home. Though sick broke, alone and in mental agony, she refused. "If I start running now," she predicted, "I will never stop. I shall hear of Ted all my life, his success, his genius." At times in the last months of her life she dreamed of "a salon in London. I am a famous poetess here." But there was another reason for not seeking shelter. "I haven't the strength to see you for some time," she informed her mother. "I cannot face you again until I have a new life."

Household Despot. Sylvia never did face Aurelia. It was one more blow to someone who had never had much of a life. Aurelia's husband, a Boston University entomologist, was a household despot who died from complications of diabetes because he refused for years to consult a doctor (he considered his own diagnosis of lung cancer sufficient). At 34, Aurelia was a widow with two small children and a chronic ulcer. Years later she was driven to the Smith commencement—where her daughter graduated summa cum laude—lying on a mattress in a friend's station wagon. The time of Sylvia's death must have been hell. The posthumous publication of *The Bell Jar* can only have added to the pain.

Now 68, Mrs. Plath has retired and spent the past two years working on this essential volume. Her preface and connecting notes—plainspoken, styleless and intelligent—give the outlines of the bleaker, less event-ridden life that Sylvia's letters tried to fill. Though different in temperament, mother and child recognized that they were very close. Before her first suicide attempt when she was 20, Sylvia had grasped Aurelia's hand and cried, "Oh Mother, the world is so rotten! I want to die! Let's die together!" It is now clear that the end came for Sylvia not only because she lost Hughes but because she could no longer grasp that hand. *Martha Duffy*

Circle of One

MY LIFE

by GOLDA MEIR

480 pages. Putnam, \$12.50.

There are few odder couples than Pope Paul VI and Golda Meir. The disparity overwhelmed even Mrs. Meir two years ago as she prepared for the first official meeting between an Israeli Premier and a Roman Catholic Pontiff. "Imagine," she remarked to her aides "I, the daughter of Moshe Mabovitch



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BOOKS

who was just an ordinary carpenter, am actually on my way to the Holy See to meet the Pope." "Don't forget," retorted her assistant, "carpenters have a special standing there." Now that Mrs Meir has written her memoirs, this image of the Yiddisher mama as world figure—"I, Golda Meir, from Pinsk, Milwaukee and Tel Aviv"—dominates. The progress of that pique remains a compelling narrative.

The carpenter's daughter started life in pogrom-ridden Russia. The family was nonreligious but proud of its Jewishness. God did not choose the Jews as his people, the young Golda decided, rather, the Jews chose God: "The first people in history to have done something truly revolutionary." From Milwaukee the Mabovitches emigrated to Milwau-



GOLDA MABOVITCH, 18, IN MILWAUKEE
Illuminating on order.

kee. At the Fourth Street School, still standing in the shadow of a brewery, Golda learned English to complement the Yiddish spoken at home and the Hebrew she would later speak with an accent. She yearned to become a schoolteacher, but Labor Zionism exerted a stronger pull. In 1921 she emigrated for the final time to the *Yishuv*, the Land of Israel.

The move to frontier Tel Aviv offered her a new citizenship—but cost her a husband. Morris Meyerson, whom she had met and married in Milwaukee, was less positive than his bride about Zionism. The marriage dissolved; the son and daughter remained with Golda and Morris disappeared into the shadows of history. He died in obscurity in Tel Aviv in 1951. Golda, changing her name to the Hebrew Meir ("Illuminate") at David Ben-Gurion's order, developed into a public person and not a homebody. As the world knows, the former kibbutznik became political worker and global fund raiser for the Palestinian Jews. After Israel's independence in 1948, she

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BOOKS

progressed still higher. Ambassador to Moscow, Labor Minister, Foreign Minister, finally, Prime Minister for five years, a role which made her one of the world's most notable women.

In such demanding jobs she met and measured the world's other leaders. John F. Kennedy surprised her with his unpresidential boyishness. Charles de Gaulle, she remembers, paid her an unprecedented compliment at Kennedy's funeral by starting a conversation in English. John Foster Dulles was "that cold gray man obsessed with his own brinkmanship." Her associates get little more charity. Ben-Gurion is recalled as "not a man to whom one could be close." As for Moshe Dayan: "Naturally he has his faults, and like his virtues they are not small ones." She is more lenient with Richard Nixon: "He did not break a single one of the promises to us." Her longtime political antagonist, Henry Kissinger, is suddenly embraced for "his intellectual gifts, his patience and his perseverance.

Stark Note. At 77, Mrs. Meir is capable of self-assessment—but not objectivity. In her own eyes she was inflexible, but solely in matters that affected the welfare of Israel. Her celebrated intransigence occurred only in the eyes of "people who are not great admirers of mine." She was also a self-confident leader with "only a circle of one to consult, myself." At the same time, after she became Premier, Mrs. Meir admits that she "could certainly understand the reservations of those people in the country who thought that a 70-year-old grandmother was hardly the perfect candidate to lead a 20-year-old state."

Such self-protective quasi candor is a characteristic of all political autobiographies. Mrs. Meir's memory is no worse than the next leader's. What disfigures her book is an unbecoming—and unfamiliar—reticence, coupled with an artificial folksy tone. Her recollections too often sound like Molly Goldberg with portfolio, handing out 40,000 recipes for chicken soup on a U.S. visit or brewing 4 a.m. tea for herself and her bodyguards in the prime ministerial kitchen. More important, revelations that might have been expected have been dodged.

One reason for this reticence seems manifest. Mrs. Meir's career ended on a stark and bitter note. During the Yom Kippur War, it fell to her as Premier to assess intelligence reports of Arab intentions and, as a circle of one, decide at what point the Israeli army should be mobilized. She waited too long: before mobilization was finally ordered and the battle with Egypt and Syria stabilized, Israel had lost more men than in any war since 1948. "I should have listened to the warnings of my heart and ordered a call-up," she now admits. For Israel's First Lady, a homebody at last in her Tel Aviv semi-detached, the accomplishments and the anecdotes cannot cloak the final rue.

Spencer Davidson

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BOOKS

Loony Logic

WRITE IF YOU GET WORK:

THE BEST OF BOB & RAY
by BOB ELLIOTT and RAY GOULDING
177 pages. Random House, \$6.95.

Deadpan parodists work perilously close to their targets. If they miscalculate, they may be mistaken for the real thing. But if they maintain just enough distance, they can cause the real thing to be mistaken for them. This explains why half the shows on radio and TV nowadays sound suspiciously like Bob & Ray spoofs. In their 29 years as a comedy team—mostly on radio, with excursions into TV and Broadway—Bob Elliott, 52, and Ray Goulding, 53, have rarely misjudged that ironic remove. As a result, newscasts, soap operas, man-in-the-street interviews, sports features and public service announcements, among other detritus of the air waves, can never seem quite the same.

Bob & Ray's ridicule is a shoe that fits so many feet it scarcely matters which one it was taken from. No prior knowledge of Mary Margaret McBride is necessary to enjoy their Mary McGoon, with her recipe for frozen ginger ale salad. One need never have heard *Mary Noble Backstage Wife* to enjoy the hilariously muddled banalities of their *Mary Backstage, Noble Wife*. They have managed to outlast most of their original targets without even beginning to run out of material—a fact which they are currently demonstrating every weekday afternoon on radio station WOR in New York City.

Bare Scripts. As Bob & Ray see it, the world of broadcasting—and by implication the world—follows a loony logic based on the laws of improbability. A self-styled presidential impersonator does impressions of Van Buren, Madison and Polk without ever changing his voice. On a program featuring hard-luck stories, a contestant with a painfully stooped back is awarded a free trip to the top of the Statue of Liberty. A cranberry grower being interviewed by intrepid Roving Reporter Wally Balou is surprised to learn of such things as cranberry juice and cranberry jelly, and rushes off with these new-found uses for his product.

Write If You Get Work is a representative sampling of the thousands of such routines Bob & Ray have created over the years. As a book, it is a little underfurnished. There is no commentary, no analysis, only the bare scripts accompanied by a few photos. Yet it escapes non-book status, thanks to the peculiarly literary nature of Bob & Ray's medium. From Fred Allen's 1954 *Treadmill to Oblivion* to the recent multi-volume compilations of the BBC's *Go on Show*, reprinted radio routines have proved surprisingly readable, and for sound reason. Alone among comedy forms, they celebrate the primacy of the word.

Christopher Porterfield

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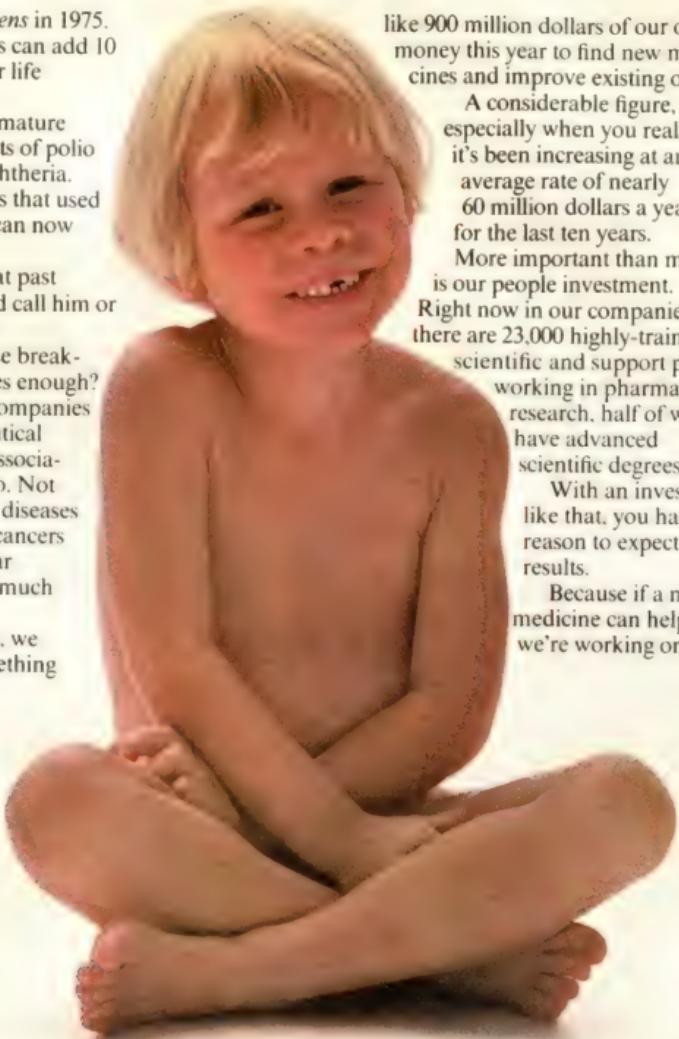
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Peanuts in the Sky

For nearly a decade, radio astronomers have recorded the telltale signals emitted by a streamer of hydrogen clouds off the far edge of the Milky Way. Most scientists have believed that the source of the signals is somewhere in the giant galaxy of some 200 billion stars that includes the sun and its planets. But a University of Maryland astronomer has a different idea. S. Christian Simonson III concludes in *Astrophysical Journal Letters* that the source is a separate pint-size galaxy—the Milky Way's closest cosmic companion.

Most galaxies have been discovered by conventional optical telescopes. Earth's new galactic neighbor was "discovered" in the classroom. Simonson had been puzzling over the hydrogen clouds' radio signals for several years. But it was during a recent lecture that the message came through. Simonson knew that frequency shifts in the radio signals from one of the clouds indicated that one side of the cloud was approaching the earth while the other was moving away. Suddenly he realized why. Such movement could only mean the presence of a great rotating mass. Said Simonson: "I knew right then in the classroom that it had to be a galaxy."

Simonson now hopes to aim an optical telescope at the rotating hydrogen cloud that is the core of the galaxy in an attempt to spot some of the 200 million stars that he estimates it contains. He will use those sightings to determine the galaxy's distance from earth. If the existence of the little galaxy is confirmed, it may be given a name. Until then, the hydrogen cloud will be known officially as 0627-15 (for its position in the sky). But the suspected galaxy, which has only one one-thousandth the mass of the Milky Way, has already been given a simpler nickname. Simonson's colleagues have decided to call it "Snickers," after the candy bar, because compared to the Milky Way, it is "only peanuts."

Twilight of the Gods

At one time it was the most important city in the region—a bustling commercial center known for its massive monuments, its crowded streets and commercial districts, and its cultural and religious institutions. Then, suddenly, it was abandoned. Within a generation most of its population departed and the once magnificent city became all but a ghost town.

That scenario might be a cautionary account of the fall of New York after default. In fact, it is the history of a pre-Columbian city called Teotihuacán (the Aztecs' word for "the place the gods call

home"), once a metropolis of as many as 200,000 inhabitants 33 miles northeast of present-day Mexico City. Archaeologists long regarded the city—famed for its Pyramids of the Moon and the Sun and avenue-like Street of the Dead—as a ceremonial center inhabited largely by priests and their retainers. Now, new discoveries suggest that between A.D. 400 and 700, Teotihuacán was literally the Big Apple of Mesoamerica, the focus of a far-flung empire that stretched from the arid plains of central Mexico to the mountains of Guatemala.

This fresh view of Teotihuacán is based on a combination of archaeological investigation and computer analysis. Mexican, U.S. and Canadian researchers, under the leadership of the University of Rochester's Rene Millon, have spent years mapping the city and collecting more than a million artifacts, mostly pottery shards and tools but also human and animal remains. After identifying and cataloguing the pieces from each location, the scientists ran their data through a series of computer programs designed by Physicist turned Archaeologist George Cowgill of Brandeis University. These enable them to determine, for example, if a particular site was the home of a priest, the quarters of an artisan, or the shop of a merchant, and to figure out how the city evolved.

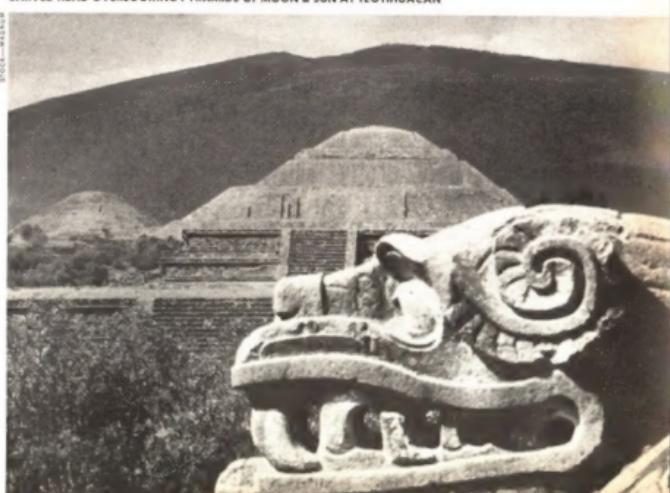
The result is a fascinating picture of an ancient urban center. As described in the National Science Foundation journal *Mosaic*, the inhabitants of Teotihuacán lived primarily in windowless, one-story apartment compounds that

opened onto courtyards. The compounds, which housed about 100 people each, were occasionally organized into *barrio*-like neighborhoods, but there was no real class separation in Teotihuacán. The researchers have found an almost haphazard mixture of classes and occupations throughout the city.

Clumsy Giant. Teotihuacanos used neither metal, the wheel nor draft animals. How they kept records remains a mystery; researchers have thus far found no conclusive evidence that they had a written language. But there is ample evidence that the ancient city enjoyed considerable prestige. A political and religious center dug up near Guatemala City shows what Pennsylvania State University Archaeologist William Sanders considers "a slavish imitation of Teotihuacan style." Artifacts unearthed in Belize, 700 miles away, show a similar influence.

Why did the city die? Researchers found no signs of epidemic disease or destructive invasion. But they did find signs that suggest the Teotihuacanos themselves burned their temples and some of their other buildings. Excavations revealed that piles of wood had been placed around these structures and set afire. Millon speculates that Teotihuacán's inhabitants may have abandoned the city because it had become "a clumsy giant . . . too unwieldy to change with the times." But other archaeologists think that the ancient urbanites may have desecrated the temples and abandoned their city in rage against their gods for permitting a prolonged famine.

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